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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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FRANCIS WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

From a very pleasant sketch in the Relgious Magazine of this excellent young man, we select portions, regretting that we have not room for the whole.

"Francis William Greenwood, eldest son of the late F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., was born in Boston, on the 1st of July, 1826. His childhood was marked by few incidents which are now worthy of remembrance. With such a father and mother as God had given him, it could hardly fail of being innocent and happy. His brother Charles, nearly two years younger than himself, was his constant companion, and the two boys found, in each other's society, a substitute for the playfellows whom the chances of a large city might otherwise have thrown in their way. Nowithstanding their difference in age, it was the wish of their parents that the two boys should be always together, at school as well as at home; and the mind of Charles was developed too early to make it ever necessary to keep Frank back from the studies suitable to his years. They were both usually in advance of their schoolmates of Frank's age.

No boys could have been more exclusively under good influences than they. A large garden adjoined the house in which they spent many of their early years, and here they passed their hours of playtime. On their half-holidays, they took long rambles with their father through the fields adjoining Boston, in search of different objects in Natural History. And, in the summer vacations, they lived in the country, joining in all the sports common to their years, but always under the same watchful eyes. Their after lives were the natural result of this early care.

At an early age, they entered the Public Latin School, where they passed nearly five years. The influences here exerted upon them agreed well with those of home. Although open to boys from all classes of society, the Latin School is pre-eminent for the high mortal tone which exists among its scholars. The strictness and perfect regularity of its laws fill the boys' minds, insensibly, with a regard for order and justice, and the entire confidence reposed in their honor makes the love of truth almost universal among them. The intellectual character of the School is too well known to require comment.

Frank and Charles were not remarkably hard students, but they attended faithfully to their school duties, and found time beside, for several studies of a lighter character. Their moral habits were irreproachable, and were never, at home or at school, in a single instance, called into suspicion. They still kept together in their studies, always in the same division, and usually side by side. At the time of leaving school, the marks of *the whole preceding year* were added together, and, although amounting for each, to several thousands, the sums total of Frank and Charles differed but by a single unit.

At the Commencement of 1841, they entered Harvard College. Both were still very young, Frank being but fifteen and Charles thirteen years old; but they had the natural impatience of boys to get onward in life, and as they had already waited one year more at the Latin School than was necessary, their parents saw no good reason for detaining them longer. They enjoyed the freedom of college life, and entered with alacrity into its pursuits. Charles took the greatest interest in the college studies, and gave himself to them with a constancy which, with his talents, promised the most brilliant success. Frank, on the contrary, although holding a sufficiently high rank in his class, devoted many hours in every day to other pursuits, and especially to music, for which he had always a great fondness.

Previous to their entering college, many of the friends of the two boys had observed this difference of tastes, and foreseeing that Charles, although the younger, would probably gain the higher rank, had begged their parents not to expose them, as class-mates, to the ill-feelings which might arise from the comparison. But their parents knew too well the dispositions of the boys, and the strength of their mutual affection, to listen to such fears. A little incident, at the beginning of their second year in college, showed how groundless these fears were.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, it is customary to distribute among those who have most distinguished themselves as Freshmen, a number of prizes, known as "Deturs," and purchased from the Hopkins Fund. On this occasion, Charles received a valuable book, while Frank was omitted. Charles evidently felt disappointed as he received his prize, and placed the volume silently upon the shelf, while it was only through Frank and the pleasure which he showed in his brother's success, that their parents knew of the occurrence. No feeling of triumph or jealousy ever, through life, interrupted their affectionate intercourse. It seems strange, as we now look back upon their characters, that the existence of such a feeling could ever have been feared.

Their father died at the end of their second college year. His memory is yet too fresh with most who will read these pages, for us to dwell upon his loss; but a [few lines,] written by Frank, nearly three years after, show the depth of his affection for his father, and the influence it ever continued to exercise upon him. They were written upon his last birthday, and while he was busy in preparing the volume of his father's Miscellanies, which he published in the autumn.

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A few weeks after their father's death, the two boys returned to college. Life seemed a graver thing to them than it had done before, and they engaged in their duties with a more determined spirit. They had never passed so studious a term. Although not so gay as before, they were soon cheerful, and took a renewed interest in all around them. To each other they were more than they had ever been. They left college for the winter vacation, hoping to return together with the coming term. But it was ordered otherwise. Charles was attacked by rapid consumption, and, when the term opened, was far too ill to return to college. On the 13th of March, he died. Who can describe the desolation which must have filled Frank's heart, when he felt that he was gone forever!

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Many persons might have shrunk from returning to a scene so full of sad assoiations as Cambridge must have now been to Frank; but he had a manliness of character which never hesitated before his duty. He went back to his now solitary room and resumed his former studies. During the remaining year and a half of his college life, he lived alone. No one, he said, could take the place which Charles had left vacant. Still, he gave himself up to no feelings of despondency. He felt the increased responsibilities which the death of his father and brother had laid upon him, and, burying in his own heart the sorrow of their loss, he was soon as calm and cheerful as ever. To many he might have seemed even cold. But his more intimate friends knew the depth of the feelings which it required so stern an effort to repress. His ambition for college honors, never strong, had now wholly vanished, and he gave himself more then ever to the studies which were best suited to his peculiar tastes. Of these, metaphysics was, during his last year, most conspicuous. He graduated in the summer of 1845, with a respectable rank, sufficient to give him a place among the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; but no one felt that the part assigned to him at Commencement, was any adequate measure of his true attainments.

For several years before leaving college, he had looked forward to the Christian ministry as the chosen field of his future labors. The example of his father, his own high character, and the strong interest which he took in studies peculiar to the profession, all seemed to mark this as his proper course. Still he felt the deep responsibilities which rested on such a choice and as he was yet very young, he determined to take a year in which to review his thoughts, and decide calmly upon the great question of his life. He passed a pleasant and useful year in Boston and its neighborhood, dividing his time between study and instruction. He reviewed many of his youthful studies, and perfected himself in some branches, especially the early mathmatics, to which his taste had not before inclined him. He found also much time for his favorite pursuit of music. His taste and proficiency in this were very remarkable. Few persons of his age had more thoroughly studied the science of music, and none could enjoy more deeply its effects. A symphony of Beethoven or an air of Mozart seemed to open to him a new world of thought and feeling. This taste prevented a moment from ever hanging heavily upon his hands. As long as he had a piano or organ near him, he needed no other companion, and would sit for hours, listening to his old favorites, or finding an answer to his own feelings in the impromptu strains which he called forth.

He was still as we have said, undecided upon his profession, but the feelings with which he looked forward upon life, may be gathered from the following description. It was written by him a few months after leaving college, and under the circumstances which he himself mentions. A few friends came in upon him as he sat musing before his fire, and asked him to tell them what he was thinking about so solemnly. Half an hour after, he joined them, with the paper from which the following is printed, in his hand."

After describing two pictures, one the emblem of nature, the other of man, he adds;

"'There was one thing more, still different. Against the window was a transparency in porcelain. Upon a cross, fixed on a barren rock, hung the Savior of the world. There was no other figure. Far away behind stretched savage mountains. The clouds gloomed around like the banners of death, but athwart their rolling masses streamed the light from heaven. Here were no thieves with their human malignity, or soldiers with their unhallowed pageant, to break in upon the awfulness of the scene; even the gentle women who wept below, were away;—you stood at the foot of the cross and looked up, and then away over the desert. The Redeemer seemed to die alone in the great wilderness!

Then, thought I, around my table are the three only existences, God, Man, Nature. And thus may every man bring home to his own soul, and ponder over, the great frame of things in all its parts; and thus ought every man who toils or studies for his race, to look not on one side of the eternal structure, but to open all his ears to the trio which sounds through the universe.

But, thought I, how shall I account for the position of the pictures? Why is that of nature higher than that of man, who is nobler! Because nature, though revered, loved, is at a distance, cannot be handled. Man is the appointed work for man. He is to be brought near, grasped, moulded, ruled, inspired.

The room grew darker as I mused, the moon rose before my window. The table, the pictures, faded—only the outlines of the Christ gleamed faintly in the twilight. Thus, thought I, may my life be.'

No one who reads the last sentences, can doubt what was their writer's choice in life. In September, 1846, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and began the studies of his profession. He brought to them an undivided mind and a firm resolve to consecrate himself to the highest usefulness. His lighter studies were for the time thrown aside, and he even denied himself the luxury of a musical instrument in his room, lest it might take his time from more important pursuits. He still, however, made music his favorite recreation, and was in the habit of meeting every week a few friends whom he had collected, for the purpose of singing the masses and other music of the ancient Catholic Church. Like his father, although his intellect was fully satisfied with the simple truths of Unitarian Christianity, his religious sentiment craved more than can usually be found in the plain forms of Congregational worship; and these old chants, sacred with the associations of centuries and the dim traditions of the early Church, were far more to him than mere strains of solemn music, or the sources of innocent gratification for the passing hour.

His time was divided among the regular studies of the term;—the Hebrew language and Poetry; the principles of Biblical Interpretation; the Evidences of Natural Religion, and the Criticism of the New Testament. He also read several volumes in general literature, and devoted an especial attention to the modern English writers upon Logic, whose treatises, particularly that of Mill, he read with great care.

During the autumn months, he was in the habit of taking long walks, either alone, or with a single friend, in the woods about Mt. Auburn, both for the necessary exercise and the pleasure which he always took in natural objects. He had a true love of nature. His mind was indeed often too full of his former studies to pay much heed to the scene about him, and in the perplexed questions of Metaphysics, or the nice distinctions of Logic, he forgot to admire its external beauties; but when he once gave himself up to them, nothing of beauty—from the graceful curve of the branch above his head, to the glories of the autumn sunset—ever escaped his eye. Almost his first wish during his illness, was for flowers, and when some were brought, he begged that the curtain of the window opposite his bed might be rolled up, and the flowers placed there between him and the blue sky beyond. He must have a bit of Nature, he said, to cheer him as he lay there.

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"Although apparently very happy in his life at Cambridge, he never wholly recovered from the influence which his early losses had had upon his mind. The remembrance of his father and brother had ceased to give him pain, but it was apparently seldom absent. He seldom gave himself wholly to the feelings of the passing moment, but, in his gayest hours, had a reserve of manner, which showed the presence of other thoughts than those which were upon his lips. The great thoughts of eternity and of the future life had been interwoven in his every day meditations. He was fond, too, of musing upon the occurrences of his past years."

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"His humility and the want which he felt of the continual presence of a Power mightier than his own, are shown in the following prayer written upon entering the Divinity School. No one who saw him before his death, can doubt but it had been answered.

Am I in truth to be thy servant, Lord,
With this dull heart and all these vain desires,
Standing unmoved before the mighty fires,
That flow from out the bosom of thy Word?
Thy Spirit to my sluggard soul afford,
That lacks not will, yet is not all awake
Her watchful count of that great Love to take,
Which thou of old through all thy works hast poured,
Alone, O God, she cannot keep the bright
And steadfast colors of a noble life,
But pales her fading plumes and drooping might
Before the toys of time and passion's strife;
And needs to be relumed and warned by thee,
Ere she is winged for immortality.

Sept. 13, 1846.

There was one trait in his character, to which we have before alluded, which often prevented him from being fully known by those around him. He had a natural reserve of manner, increased doubtless by his early trials, which did little justice to the true warmth of his feelings. To many he may have seemed cold and indifferent. Perhaps only one intimate friend knew the deep enthusiasm with which he often regarded subjects in which to the world he seemed little interested.

During his last illness, this reserve passed away. He could speak but few words; but as the veil which wraps our spirits in this world grew thinner and thinner, the deep affections of his heart shone through with an unwonted brightness. He was never happy but with one of those he loved, sitting by him and holding his hand, and his only care seemed to be lest others should suffer from seeing the pain, which he himself bore without a murmur.

After the winter vacation, passed at home and in a visit to some friends in New York, he had returned to enter upon a new term at Cambridge. But he was suddenly seized with a disorder, which for twelve days baffled all human skill. He died on the 13th of March, four months before he had completed his twenty-first year.

For several days before his death, he was often too much exhausted with the terrible pain which he had suffered, to be conscious of what was around him. But, on that morning, his mind came back to him with all its wonted vigor. He remembered that it was the day on which his brother Charles had died, three years before, and said he should soon go to join him. He wished to bid his younger brother and sisters good-bye. Then he was ready. They gathered round his bed, and to each he spoke a few words of affectionate counsel. They had been five, he said. They were now but three. And they must live to fill in their mother's heart, the places which he and Charles had left vacant.

His last audible words were—"Our Father who art in Heaven"—uttered in a faint voice, and with his hands clasped in prayer. A few moments more passed of pain and forgetfulness, and then a smile came upon his face, his eyes opened as if looking into some far-off, beautiful country, and his spirit passed without a murmur unto Him who gave it.

God in his infinite mercy be with those whom he has left behind! If his departure has made this life seem to them desolate, may they find consolation in the thought of that happier life, in which he now is, with those whom they loved with him on earth. And may the memory of their virtues animate us in our career of duty here, "that, by the grace of God, we may join them in another world, where friendship will be uninterrupted, and virtue eternal." G. S. E

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Once on a time lived a powerful king, who reigned over a large and fertile country. He had crowns of gold and pearls, and sceptres of ivory and precious stones. His treasury was full of costly things of the earth; tens of thousands of armed men were ready to obey his bidding, and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But without God's blessing, worldly possessions are but an increase of care, and as this mighty monarch feared not God he was dissatisfied and unhappy.

In the dominion of the king lived a certain dervise, famed for abstinence, sanctity, wisdom, and piety; and the king, willing to profit by the instructions of the holy man paid him a visit. He found him clothed in sack-cloth, living in a cave surrounded with rocks, on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy." Without giving any reply, the dervise led the king through the rugged path-ways of the place, until he brought him in front of a high rock, near the top of which an eagle had built her eyrie. "Why has the eagle builded her nest yonder?" said the dervise. "Doubtless," replied the king, "that it may be out of the way of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the dervise; "build thy throne in heaven, and thou shalt reign there unmolested and in peace."

Now the king would have willingly given the dervise a hundred pieces of gold, if he would have accepted it, for this precious piece of advice; and here am I giving it to you for nothing. It may be as useful to you all as it was to the king, for you are all as much interested in being happy as he was. As the eagle built her nest on the rugged rock, build your hope on the "Rock of Ages." As the dervise told the king to erect his throne in heaven, so I tell you to "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Do this, and you will be above the reach of danger for time and eternity.

THE TRINITY.

Now, without meaning any disparagement to the rest, of this last, [Beard's Historical and Artistic Illustrations of the Trinity,] I must say, that it has been to me the crowning work of the whole in settling my mind about the whole matter. It has been of especial service to me in removing my remaining doubts about certain critical passages of the New Testament which I had long been taught to regard as the stronghold of the popular system. It clears up these passages and takes away the ground from under the popular system completely, showing it to be of heathen origin, and clearly tracing back its descent to the misty metaphysics of paganism. By a series of pictorial as well as historical illustrations, Dr. Beard shows that Trinitarianism largely prevailed among the heathens all over the east long before the Christian era, forming the very foundation and ground work of their whole polytheistic system, and that from this, its pagan source, it was imported into the Christian Church, and early began to be engrafted upon the phraseology of the New Testament, turning the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit of the Gospel, into one complex tri-personal Deity, corresponding to one of those imaginary tri-personal monstrosities of heathenism, and this in the very face of the gospel testimony of the New Testament itself, which limits the Godhead to the Father, asserting most expressly that "there is but *One God, the Father*," and that the Father is "*the only true God*," that the Son is but "*the image*," and messenger of God, and that the Holy Spirit is but the power and operation of God, or God himself, as the soul or spirit of a man is nothing but the man himself regarded in his spiritual capacities and relations.—See 1 Cor. viii. 6; Ephes. iv. 6; 1 Tim. ii. 5; John xvii. 3; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Luke i. 35; 1 Cor. ii. 11, *seq.* "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power."—Acts x. 38. Here we have first God, then Jesus, or the Son, whom God anoints with power, showing that the Son, who is thus distinguished from God, and needs God to annoint him with power, cannot be himself God, neither can that spirit or power, with which Jesus is anointed, be itself a person. It would be most absurd to speak of anointing a person with a person, or to speak of pouring out a person, as we read of the Holy Spirit being "poured out."

Neither has baptism anything to do with the worship of a tri-personal Deity. Baptism implies faith in the Father, as the one only true God and Father of all—faith in the Son, as a true messenger of the one God and Father's will—and faith in the Holy Spirit—in the holy influence and spiritual blessing of the one God and Father, by which he accompanies and confirms the propagation of true religion made known by the Son. This is the faith of a Christian, as distinguished from that of a Jew or a mere Deist, and has nothing to do with Trinity, the very name of which, as being wanting in the Bible, had to be borrowed from the pagans, as well as the idea that was father to it; for it is ideas that give rise to names, and no nation was ever known to possess ideas without finding names or words to express them; so that the Jews, the ancient depositories of true religion, knew nothing of Trinity—they had not the idea of it, or they, as well as the pagans, would have had a word in their language and worship to express it, which they have not now, nor ever had. The very idea of dividing God into several persons is of the essence of polytheism; for the moment you divide him into several persons, you give us several objects of divine worship instead of one, which is the very essence of polytheism, and without which there is no polytheism.

But it is quite beyond my limits to pursue the argument. The reader who would appreciate its full force, as conducted by the master hand of Dr. Beard, must consult his work for himself. Such is my estimate of the character of this recent production of Dr. Beard, one of the most powerful and elaborate description, such as truly "bespeaks much learning and deep research," and one of such a kind as, I doubt not, will mark the commencement of a new era in the Trinitarian controversy.

At the same time, I would by no means overlook the merits of those other excellent works above mentioned, particularly those of Mr. Wilson, and especially his "Concessions of Trinitarians," which is also a most elaborate production, and of inestimable value—one that must have cost the author unspeakable labor to produce, containing a fund of knowledge, and forming a perfect storehouse of information for every serious inquirer after truth in this department. It meets the Trinitation fairly on his own ground and answers him fully out of his own mouth. "Their rock is not our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." [Irish Unitarian Magazine.

WARRIORS.

The Buonaparte family was a nursery of warriors; yet from Louis Buonaparte we have, after years of experience and reflection, this indignant testimony against war: "I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one else after victory; still I confess that even then the sight of a field of battle not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick. And now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but in striving, on the contrary, to destroy each other, as though time did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think, that war, and the pain of death which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarism, an inheritance of the savage state, disguised or ornamented by ingenious institutions and false eloquence.

LOVE TALES.

To such writers, therefore, as the author of these volumes, we appeal. It is possible to give all the pleasure, and do all the good, of which fiction can be made the instrument, without having recourse to the love-story, and we solemnly believe this desirable. She has herself here presented us with more than one tale of true beauty and interest, without the slightest reference to the "tender passion." The best of hers are of this class. Why could she not have made this a definite purpose? Why could she not have sought to excite the interest of her readers in some good cause by all the charm of an engaging fiction, shunning the easy, hackneyed, dubious means offered by a love-tale! Would not an immense step be taken towards the improvement of fictitious literature, if the whole machinery of Cupid could be discarded from novel, tale, and romance! Charles Brockden Brown had the independence to try this experiment. Miss Edgeworth, in the very best of her novels, has made the chief interest turn upon something higher than the success of an attachment between a youth and maiden; none, we believe, ever complained of "Helen" as a dull book. And in "Gertrude," one of the very best of recent novels, it is not about the heroine's marriage that our feelings are engaged. The formation of character as the chief object of existence, not the accomplishment of matrimonial hopes, is carried home to our bosoms. Very few writers of ability have as yet attempted this test of their own power, or the power of nature and moral truth; and few writers of ordinary capacity are very likely to forsake the broad, well-trodden way. We suppose that the greater part of the reading community are far from considering the incessant reappearance of one topic in every possible form as any evil at all, or as a thing to be dispensed with. They mistake the craving artificially excited, the taste fostered by an old bad custom, for a natural want.

But we would ask thoughtful mothers, who have daughters just emerging from spelling-book and grammar, if they have not a secret desire to keep all books in which the interest turns upon love and marriage, no matter how "correct," or how "well-written," from the tender minds of these daughters? And do they find this possible? In magazines, in newspaper stories, nay, in tales written for Sunday-school libraries, is there not usually a wooing and winning, a girl who loves, and a suitor, and a marriage to end all? Is not the marriage usually the consummation of the tale, as if it were the reward of virtue, the premium upon goodness, the end, instead of the beginning, of life's most serious portion? And connected with this evil, is not personal beauty made to appear to the inexperienced young mind worth a thousand times more than it is? Are not the descriptions of cheeks, lips, and eyes so wrought up in these fictions, as to vie in importance with all that is said of gentleness, patience, truthfulness, or virtue of any kind? We never wondered at the inquiry which a little maiden put to her mother very thoughtfully, after a long course of story-reading,—"Mother, do good girls always get married, whether they are handsome or not?" Can any girl of twelve be permitted access to the common fictitious literature, though selected with the utmost care as to its moral tendency, without insensibly and permanently imbibing the idea, that love is the most intensely interesting of all subjects, marriage the first object for which she is to prepare, and a disappointment in love the greatest of woes! How much real but needless misery has thus been created none but the Reader of hearts can know. Much of the suffering is never known, much known only to be dispised and ridiculed. What over-estimate of personal charms, what care in the adornment of them, what secret sorrow over the indisputable want of them, what romantic dreams, what hours of idle reverie that in remorseful aftermoments would be thankfully recalled for better use, what waste of time, imagination, power, what mistakes in conduct, coloring all the rest of life, have grown from the perusal of these omnipresent love-stories!

Volumes of admonition have been wasted on the bewitched *readers* of fiction; we would expostulate with its *writers*, though with "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." We would not say, "Keep fiction out of the hands of the young on account of these consequences, for we believe that now-a-days to be impossible. If you bring up your daughters in nun-like seclusion, and in ignorance of the art of reading, you may accomplish your object, perhaps; hardly otherwise." But we would rather say, "Give us a fictitious literature which shall draw its charm and interest from higher sources." It is true, that will require writers of some power. Such is human nature, that it is easier to create an interest in "affairs of the heart" than in any other form of trial or triumph; and for this very reason the host of ordinary writers flourish for ever on this ground, there kept in countenance, alas! by those who might well leave it to them. We call on those who by the magic of genius can paint virtue attractive, misfortune touching, moral truth engaging, to come to the rescue, and show us more frequently life as it is during the long years when people are not "in love." For the latter period is unquestionably a short portion of each man's existence; though love, as the eternal bond of souls and source of domestic virtue and happiness, may be the form in which God sheds his best benediction for years. Other passions rule the human heart, and strong ones too; the staple of life's joys and sorrows, its enduring and strong perplexities, may be woven into fictions of intense interest and the deepest moral influence; a glowing sympathy with all the duties of parent, child, brother, sister, friend, citizen, may be awakened. Greatly do we rejoice in the writers who have attempted this.

It is in vain to say, that, after all, nature does her work; that she fills the young heart with susceptibilities, and teaches it to love; that the very power of these stories lies in their meeting a want of the human heart. Let nature alone, then. She needs not the fuel you would throw upon her genial fires; they will burn more purely, if you do not feed them to madness. It is one of the very arguments we would use, that nature suggests true, wholesome, beautiful affection in her own due way and time; and that this love-literature forces it into unnatural, precocious, gigantic, unwholesome growth. Where the attachments would remain simple, unquestioning, quiet in their growth, under the control of good sense, art gives them a morbid vitality and false direction; where they have a tendency to run riot, she aggravates the evil tenfold. In vain you say,—"Young girls will dream of love and marriage; it is the natural order of things." We deny that they would, as a general rule; we deny that the way in which the novel-reading daughters of Eve dream of them is at all according to the natural order of things.

It may be urged, that the period in which the most solemn and important connection of life is formed is to every human being a period of serious, holy interest. So it is; and if it is not sufficiently regarded as such, let part of the blame rest with the literature of the age. It is too holy to be so lightly approached, so flippantly described. No man, or woman, would choose to have his own days of anxiety and suspense, his season of hopes and acknowledgements, while his own married destiny still hung uncertain, exposed to the inspection of others; and we doubt if many high-minded persons do not, with an instinctive delicacy, shrink from reading detailed love-dialogues between even imaginary persons. We know that many dislike to read them aloud, however beautifully written, and we think this fact alone declares against the propriety of their being written at all. They cater to the curiosity of boys and girls, but disgust all who are really men and women.

To those who plead that these stories, when written by sensible persons, serve to guide the young through the mazy season when such subjets will come to perplex them, we would put one question. Was ever a young man or woman wisely influenced in any love-affair by any book ever written? Collectively, we grant, the many books written on this topic may have had a power over the heart-troubles and connections of many a victim,—a power of the most equivocal, if not pernicious kind. But there is no folly or indiscretion which has not found its parallel, either directly or through perversion, in such pages.

To female writers, who usually have the gift to lend grace to the most ordinary domestic details, we would especially commend the task of showing that Christian writers can weave fictions of pure, useful, and strong interest from the materials of character and life which love, as a passion touches not. It has been done often enough to show its practicability; often enough to make us wonder that those who might well throw aside the wearying, worn-out, hurtful machinery, still seem to think it their duty to use it. [Christian Examiner.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

"Such, and such precisely, is the proselytism of Mr. Carlyle. He is the champion of Germanism, not in its letter, but in its spirit. We could not, he himself could not, point to one of its dogmata as having aught to do with the inspiration which animates him, and which he has given forth in such marvellous volumes to the world. Could he, for example, tell us what the Articles are, and whether to be found in the Confessions of Schelling, or Hegel, or Fichte, or even Kant, which have caused the fire to burn within him? They are not creeds, but men who are the objects of his idolatry, which, under the name of hero-worship, he renders alike to those of most opposite opinions—as to Luther, and Knox, and Cromwell on the one hand, or with equal veneration to the lofty poets and transcendentalists of Germany upon the other. He is a lover of earnestness more than a lover of truth; and it would not be our counteractive at least, to urge that he should be a lover of truth more than a lover of earnestness. We should rather say that both are best; and would our island only not be frightened from its propriety by the high-sounding philosophy of the continent—neither overborne by its pretensions, nor overawed by its cabalistic nomenclature—would our savans and theologians but keep unmoved on the ground of common sense, and by their paramount demand for evidence at every step, lay resolute arrest on the pruriencies of wanton speculation—then while they rejected all that was unsubstantial and unsound in the dogmata of the transcendental school, it were well that the, imported the earnest and lofty enthusiasm of its disciples into the phlegmatic universities and no less phlegmatic churches of our land. We do not need to take down the framework of our existing orthodoxy, whether in theology or in science. All we require is, that it shall become an animated framework, by the breath of a new life being infused into it. Ours has been most truly denounced as an age of formulism: But to mend this we do not need to exchange our formulas, only to quicken them; nor to quit the ground of our own common sense for baseless speculations; nor to substitute the Divine Idea of Fichte for a personal and living God; nor to adopt for our Savior a mere embodied and allegorized perfection, and give up the actual and historical Jesus Christ of the New Testament; nor, finally, to go in quest of a chimerical ontology in upper regions, far out of mortal ken, and for visions of merest fancy there, to renounce either the certainties of our own palpable and people world, or the truths which He who dwelleth in the heavens brought down from heaven, because no man can ascend into heaven or tell the mysteries and glories of of a place which he never entered. What we want is that the very system of doctrine which we now have shall come to us not in word only but in power. As things stand at present, our creeds and confessions have become effete; and the Bible a dead letter; and that orthodoxy which was at one time the glory, by withering into the inert and the lifeless, is now the shame and the reproach of all our churches. If there have been the revival of a more spiritual philosophy in France or elsewhere, it might well humble us; but this is not exactly the quarter from which we should expect our revival to come. Prayer could bring it down from above; and it is only thus that all which is good in Puritanism, its earnestness without its extravagance, its faith without its contempt for philosophy, its high and heavenly mindedness without the baser admixture of its worldly politics and passions—it is only thus that the Augustan age of Christianity in England, an age which Mr. Carlyle has done so much to vindicate and bring to light, will again come back to reform our State, and to bless our families." [North British Review.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HOW FEW UNDERSTAND THE ART OF ADDRESSING CHILDREN.

The following remarks have been called forth, by the writer having repeatedly seen the bad effects upon both teachers and scholars produced on a Sunday School, (in which he has the pleasure of being a teacher, by the ill-advised, though well intended, addresses of our excellent superintendent and other gentlemen at his request.—What appears to be wanted when an address is to be made, is something, that, while it attracts and interests the attention of the children, will convey some useful and important truth in such manner, that it may remain fixed upon the youthful mind, unincumbered with the disagreeable associations of having been obliged to listen much longer than may have been necessary, and remained constrained under the eye of their teachers, who often have full employment to keep the little ones in order.

The great fault appears to me, in the *quantity* more than in the *quality* of the discourses of which I complain, and which I have reason to think is not confined to the single school in which the writer is more particularly interested, but quite general where it is the habit (as with us) to make a weekly address to the scholars.

An address of 15 to 30 minutes, is longer than it can in reason be expected of children to be interested, much more to remember it; and not the least, the speakers not having in general their address prepared before hand, are often likely to be led into "vain repetition," which only serves to fatigue without interesting the hearers. This is evident from the fact that at the commencement of the address the children will be quite interested, and if a *stop* were made at the right moment, a good impression would be left. Another and not a slight objection is, that the time used in this way, is taken from that allotted to the teachers for their class lesson, and frequently prevent any attention to the latter, often to the disappointment of the children.

I fear I have taken up too much room, as you may think, to little purpose, but I am yet of the opinion that 10 minutes is better than 30 for an address of the kind I have mentioned.

A.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN.

We hope that those readers of the Register who are interested in this subject, will not fail to attend to what our old friend, Job Sanderson, has to say about it. His words might be more refined, but there is a good meaning in their quaintness, and young women (we use this as a higher title than young ladies) may find here some useful hints. A few expressions, at least one or two, we were half minded to cut out; but we happen just at the time to be engaged in gardening, and there we bring in many things which are not perfectly savory now, that fairer flowers and sweeter fruits may grow from them bye and bye.

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For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—I was so much flattered by your printing what I sent you about moths, that I am tempted to write something more on the subject there hinted at, the education of our young women. I think that they ought to be brought up to understand their own business, just as men are to understand theirs. And that business is to my mind full as much worth understanding as anything that we men do. To say nothing of the chief matter, the good conduct of a family in the way of conversation and bringing up children, which it is not my object now to speak of, they have a great deal more opportunity than men have, of seeing how the things that God has made, are framed and act. A man is buried in his ledgers and bales of books; but a woman has to do with living creatures, and natural things, and fruit of the field, and is always mingling her work with the work of God. My uncle Samuel used to say of his wife, "God and Prissy understand one another," which was a great compliment, and was not in his mouth irreverent.—How many insects there are for a woman to watch, house-flies, and spiders, and maggots, and the buzzing may-bugs, (not to mention moths) the habits and transformations of which are very interesting; and it seems to me more worth while for our girls to study them than the African fire-flies and the Ichneumon of the Nile. My daughters at the town school are deep in Natural History, and Philosophy, and Rhetoric, and Chemisty, and use of the Globes, but they do not seem for that to know anything more of what is going on in the world. On the first of these subjects, as I say, I think they might study the animals about them. As to Philosophy and Rhetoric, I do not think they need to be taught them; Philosophy a woman can't learn, and Rhetoric she has enough of by nature. Then in Chemistry, how much better it would be for them to study the rising of bread, and the sourcing of vinegar, and the rusting of iron, than to learn in a book, and then forget all about the Voltaic battery and bizmuth and potassium.—And what is the use of the Globes to girls who will never have any globes? Can't they go out into the pasture and look at the stars themselves? Women have so much to do with things, that they need books only to lead them; and those things are natural things, and therefore beautiful and perfect, and worth finding out, and that make you wiser by finding out, and are not mere impositions, things that have nothing in them, like a great deal that men have to do with. I would rather understand the making of soap than the vote of a parish. I would rather watch the changing of a caterpillar into a butterfly, than the appearance of new books. I would rather study the growth of the mosses on the trunks of trees in the clothes yard, than a measure of Congress.—There is a large fungus on my cellar wall, which is worth fifty evangelical alliances; it is shaped like a waning moon and has a bad smell.

In a book of an English traveller, which my son Reuben has just brought from Boston, it is said that "American ladies are so over-burdened with domestic cares, that liberal culture is impossible."

Now if by "liberal culture" is meant their becoming sensible and wise and well-behaved women, it is in my judgment a very foolish remark; for our women have a most excellent opportunity for that. But if by the "liberal culture" that he wants, he means reading all the new novels, and wearing all the new caps, and simpering all the new simpers that come into fashion, then the man himself is a fool, and I trust that no honest New Englander wishes his wife or his daughters to be liberally cultivated in that way. The industry of a good and graceful woman seems to me like the industry of bees, silent and accurate and sagacious and sweet; but the industry of many men seems to me like that of a dor-bug that comes whirring blindly into your room of a hot night and after butting its head against every hard and ugly thing, ends with burying its nose in the dirt.

I wish you would sign my name to this at full length; for I do not care if the schoolmaster and Squire Stimson know that I have written it. My wife understood the J. S. that was at the bottom of my piece on moths and claimed the execution of my promise at the end; and therefore I beg you to look at my letter again, and observe that I said not silk-gown, but silk-worm, for every moth she sacrificed.

I am yours respectfully,
JOB SANDERSON.

TO OUR UNITARIAN BRETHREN.

Notwithstanding the numerous appeals which have recently been made to your benevolence and generously responded to, we do not hesitate to make the following statement in behalf of the Unitarian Society in Norwich, Conn., and commend it to your kind consideration. The facts must speak for themselves.

In the month of April, 1843, an individual proposed to two friends, liberal, in their views, to take measures to gather a Unitarian Society at Greenville, a town about two miles from Norwich City. The result was, that with the services of two ministers of the Christian denomination, a congregation was gathered, and in October, 1844, a hall erected and consecrated by Rev. J. F. Clarke, of Boston. As the Society continued to increase, it was deemed expedient to remove to Norwich City, and, in April, 1846, an arrangement was made with Rev. Charles A. Farley, our present pastor, who preached at Greenville in the morning, and in the city afternoon and evening, till November, since which the services have been wholly in the city. This change, as anticipated, has resulted favorably; the congregation is much larger and stronger than it was at Greenville. A Church has recently been formed, and the first communion service, in which forty-three persons united, was held on the first Sunday in February, 1847.

Now, we think, we have done all we can do while worshipping in a hall, not suitable, in many respects, for religious worship. Our people are getting tired of it—and some six or seven of us are unable longer to sustain the whole establishment; when, if we had pews to rent, the burden would be borne more equally. The expense of maintaining regular services in the city, during the last year, was one thousand dollars. Of this sum, six hundred were given by five individuals—not one of them with large means—and they have now purchased one of the most central and eligible sites in the city, for a church, for two thousand dollars. The whole, including land, will cost eight thousand dollars. We should be glad to erect one for half the sum, but by the laws of the city, we cannot build of wood. We have proceeded upon the most economical plan, and are anxious not to be a dollar in debt. We *must* build a church, and then there will be a reasonable prospect of our becoming a prosperous society. Thirty pews will be taken among ourselves, and we calculate that about twenty more will be taken by those who will not come to the hall—feeling that they cannot worship in a place used during the week for all sorts of purposes. Some of us, to be sure, can worship anywhere; but to satisfy people as we find them, we must have a church, with all its hallowed associations. The city is growing, and we feel that now is the time to make one great effort to put our society upon a permanent foundation. If we fail in our pesent effort, we fear it will be a long time before another attempt will be made to gather a society and build a church in Norwich; and we *shall fail*, unless we receive adequate aid from abroad. In making this declaration, we are oppressed with the thought, that all we have done will be in vain, and the people we have gathered be left to wander, without heart, into strange folds. We feel, too, a pressing responsibility not to disappoint the honest souls who are seeking light.

And now, brethren, shall this movement, which has been steadfastly persevered in for several years, which is now so encouraging, and gives every reasonable prospect of final and complete success, be utterly abandoned? But we need not multiply words; having done what we could, we now most earnestly make this appeal to you for aid.

A. B. CLEVELAND,
CHAS. N. FARNAM,
E. B. CULVER.
GEO. W. SMITH,
CHARLES OSGOOD.
} Committee.

Norwich, Conn., April, 1847.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 8, 1847.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

Anniversary week is already near. We understand that preparations are making for a public entertainment, such as heretofore has gone off with so much spirit. We hope that our brethren from the country and from distant places will come each with a word of wisdom and encouragement, that we may all be filled with new zeal and engage with new earnestness in our work.

The past year has been one of unusual quiet in our Churches. No severe attacks have been made upon us. No important changes have taken place in the position of our denomination. As a body, we are more respectfully treated by others than we have ever been before. But there is danger in peace as well as war. If there is less of acrimony and strife than in past years, may there not also be less of energy and zeal! Are we doing all that we should for distant and destitute places! We fear that the collections this year may prove to be considerably less than in years past. The great efforts which have been made for Ireland and the generous contributions for her relief, have, we fear, had an unfavorable influence on the contibutions for religious purposes at home. If such is the case, we hope that greater efforts may be made, and that while we do so much for the physical wants of those abroad, we shall be equally ready to give for the spiritual wants of our brethren at home.

DESTITUTE AND UNPROSPEROUS SOCIETIES.

There are many societies scattered through the country, too poor to support themselves and looking to the Unitarian Association for aid. What shall be done for them! Something may be done to furnish preaching for a part of the year, provided that they are willing to do all that they can for themselves, and that the number attending upon the preaching is sufficient to authorize such a step. But our resources are small, and when scattered over a large space produce in this way hardly a sensible effect in any one place.

In large towns new societies have been got up, as at Lowell, Norwich, Hartford, &c., needing assistance at the beginning, and with this aid at the outset, promising soon to be able not only to sustain themselves, but also greatly to help the good cause abroad. Of this kind was the assistance formerly extended to the societies at Louisville and St. Louis. It requires, however, a generous outlay at the beginning to produce much effect. As a general rule it may be said, that where a society in a large place has had a fair chance for two or three years with a suitable preacher without being able nearly or quite to sustain itself, it is hardly worth the while to furnish aid from abroad. The soil is unfavorable, and some more genial place should be sought. But we have known societies to go on in a languishing condition for years and then to be remarkably prosperous. It was so with both of the New York societies. It was so with the society at New Bedford, with the society at Brooklyn, and with several of the Boston societies, all of which afterwards rose from their depressed condition, and became among the ablest and most prosperous in the denomination. Societies which are depressed and languishing, are not, therefore, in all cases to be given up in despair. The history of any of our societies, through a century, will show important changes in the degree of prosperity. But where there are ten or five or three, and, in some instances, where there has been one, zealous, persevering, discreet and self-sacrificing member, there is no reason to despair. A better time is coming.

One word we would say to all such societies, and some of them are among the most wealthy that we have. If your public services are not interesting, if your preaching is not just what you would desire and the attendance as well as the attention of the congregation flags, remember that heavier duties rest on you as a people. You must supply from your own resources what is wanting there. Keep up a social spirit. Have meetings among yourselves for your own religious improvement. Above all, do not let your Sunday School die out. Bring in the young men and young women to keep it up. Gather the children together. Let them feel and let their parents feel, that they are cared for.

We are in the habit of depending quite too much on ministers. According to the gifts and graces of the minister for the time being is the prosperity of the society. But it ought not to be so. The society, should have life in itself, should have in itself resources of prosperity and religious improvement, which may exist entirely apart from any clerical influence. For this reason it is well, perhaps, that our societies sometimes should be thrown upon their own resources, that it may appear whether they have within themselves the elements of a true religious prosperity, or whether their seeming affluence is only an outward show, dependent on favoring circumstances. A chilly day now and then is good to consolidate the growth of plants. Is it not so with religious societies!

TRACTS AND GOOD BOOKS.

It must cost at least five hundred dollars a year to support a minister in any of our distant settlements. He preaches on the Sabbath to an audience varying from fifty to two hundred and if he be such a man as our late brother Moore of Quincy, Ill., he may by his personal influence do much good. The money, that supports him, is well spent, and brings forth fruit an hundred fold. We would not, therefore, cut off anything from this part of our expenditure. But for Missionary purposes we must rely mainly on the circulation of cheap books, tracts and religious periodicals. For five hundred dollars, no less than three hundred and fifty thousand pages of our tracts may be bought, or seventeen thousand five hundred tracts of twenty pages each. For this same sum two hundred copies of Dr. Channing's or Henry Ware's entire works may be bought. From this, we see at once what an immense amount of the most valuable matter may be sent abroad on its holy work for one, two, or three thousand dollars a year. This is the way in which Joseph Barker is doing such a work in England. Why can it not be done here! Wherever through the South or the West there is a family of earnest Unitarians, willing to do something for the truths which they hold dear, let them be furnished gratuitously with tracts and other religious works. Let our periodicals be furnished at a low rate to the Unitarian Association for gratuitous distribution in unfrequented places. Who can tell what an influence might thus be exercised; — what fertilizing springs may thus be made to burst out in waste and desolate places;—and how many hearts, now cut off from all religious sympathy, may thus find themselves in communion with distant friends and able to make new friends around them.

The subject is one which has already engaged the attention of our body; but more, we can see, infinitely more, than has yet been accomplished, might be done. We hope that the subject will engage the attention of the generous among us, and that gifts for this specific purpose may be made to the Unitarian Association. Our brethren in the distance will heartily engage with us in the work. Again and again have we heard of the influence of these silent missionaries in removing doubts and making converts to our faith.

ALLEGIANCE TO GOVERNMENT.

We have been uncommonly interested in Dr. Putnam's Fast Day Sermon, and as most of our readers will not see it in its pamphlet form, we do not know how we can render them a better service, than by giving them the substance of it on one important subject, viz: the dissolution of the union on account of the wrongs which it either countenances or permits or does not prevent.

Dr. Putnam takes the ground, in the first place, "that civil society is ordained by God, and that government itself, inasmuch as it is an essential element of national society, which is a divine institution,—government must itself be regarded as a divine institution. Then, further, a society, constituted as a nation necessarily is, must include all sorts of men, and of course many that are deficient in sound knowledge and moral principle. And, of necessity, the latter sort of persons will have an influence, more or less, according to numbers and other circumstances, in producing bad or imperfect customs, laws, and institutions, vitiating more or less the public acts and relations of the body politic. Then the question arises, Are the moral, Christian members of the society morally implicated in the evil thus produced and done! No, certainly, provided they employ such action and influence as the institutions of the country enable them to use, to prevent the evil. They are not implicated. How am I implicated, supposing that I am a thorough Christian, and have always advocated and voted for good measures,—how am I implicated in the evil that exists or is done in the nation as such! I did not ordain the nation to be, but God ordained it in his high providence. I did not have the forming of its ideas, usages, institutions, character. I did not become a member of the nation from my own choice. I was born into it, put into it by the Creator.

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"In the second place, when any thing like a revolution is contemplated,—a dissolution of a national compact,—before it is attempted or advocated, several grave inquiries ought to be instituted. It ought to be considered whether the moral evils which belong to or spring from the existing national organization are really intolerable or enormous, relatively to the general condition of civilized and nominally Christian nations; and whether those evils are greater than might be expected to result from the moral imperfections of the people as individuals, taking into view all the untoward circumstances in which the present generation finds itself placed, and the usages and ideas handed down from its predecessors. It is also to be considered whether those evils are likely to be removed, and for the future prevented, by a subversion of the national organization,—and if that is likely, then, whether there is good ground of assurance that the fact and process of a political and social disruption, in connection with the bad elements of character previously extant among the people, are not likely to produce other and equivalent or greater evils. There are periods in the histor, of a nation when all these questions may be answered in the affirmative, and then revolution is justifiable; but never otherwise. We have no moral right to do or say any thing to induce disunion and revolution, *upon moral and Christian grounds*, until we are deliberately and dispassionately convinced that the public sins and social evils under the present organization are greater than might be expected from the character of the people, and that a better average state of society for the whole country might and would be created out of the same materials, the same men, the same ideas and customs, the same amount of Christian principle and mental light. for we can have no materials more or better than these out of which to form a new society; and these, however bad, will all remain to be disposed of as much after as before the dissolution."

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"In this connection I must refer to two circumstance which tend at the present time to disaffect the minds of many towards our national compact, and which give rise to many feelings, many words, and some acts, which, as far as they go, go to weaken the bonds of union, and to hasten the time when they will be severed. These are, first, the existing war with Mexico, and, second, the institution of slavery generally."

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"First, *the war*. * * It is sad and painful, indeed, to the Christian, to be reminded, as he is by this war, that the law and spirit of the gospel are not yet universal and paramount in this country or in any other; that the spirit of love has not yet superseded every other spirit; that there are still active in human nature elements that tend to violence, and ambitions, energies, and impulses that sometimes impel to wrong, and do not always shrink even from blood and destruction. It is sad, I say, to the Christian to be reminded of this. But what then! Did he not know it all before! Did he not know that the perfect kingdom of God had not come upon earth! Did he not know that the passions which lead to war are still rife and visibly active all through the land and through the world! Did he not know that Christianity is even now nowhere any thing but a leaven in society, and that its spirit of gentleness, justice, and love is still only one element in a vast mass of influences that sway mankind! Did he not know that the gospel has never yet anywhere done any thing more than *mitigate* the passions that lead to war,—not extinguished them, or brought them into any thing like complete subjection to its own mild spirit! Where has he lived, and what have been his associations, if he did not know these lamentable truths, before as much as since the Mexican war began?"

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Under the head of Slavery, Dr. Putnam uses this strong language.

"I cannot see any thing but rashness, thoughtlessness, and bad temper in the cry that is so common,—"No union with slaveholders." Suppose we should separate, and break up our country; will that abolish slavery! Why, they at the South talk quite as loudly about dissolving the union for the purpose of perpetuating slavery. No union with slaveholders! And why not! Because they are sinners, you must say; for we are now considering only the position of those who desire dissolution on moral grounds. No union with sinners! What shall we do! We cannot, then, have a Northern union of States, for there are sinners here of all sorts; and, among other sorts of sin, there is a great deal of sympathy with slaveholding, and a readiness to help the South in perpetuating and extending it. There has never been a public measure adopted in favor of slavery, without the aid of Northern votes. No union with sinners! Why, then we must dissolve all compacts,—that of the commonwealth, the county, the city; we cannot trade with men, or do any business with them, for many of them are great sinners, and all of them more or less. We must dissolve our families, for there is sin there. The Christian must break all bonds and stand literally alone; nay, according to that principle,—no union with sin,—almost every man would have to tear soul and body apart, for one or the other of them he will find stained with some sin. The only sense in which we can say, without absurdity, that we will have no union with slaveholders, or with any other class of sinners at the North or South, is this,—that we will not take any part in their sin, nor encourage, nor countenance it. And this the Christian may and should always say. But union with sinners must continue in many ways as long as human society endures, that is, as long as man is man. It is a false and foolish plea, that we must dissolve the union on Christian grounds, to avoid the responsibility of being identified in any way with sinners. On the contrary, it is our Christian duty to maintain the closest possible union with sinners, to pity them, to instruct them, to treat them as brethren, and aid them, whenever they will permit it, to recover from their sin. Withdraw from union with sinners! The idea is at once foolish, selfish, unchristian, and, what is more to the purpose, utterly impracticable. There is neither patriotism, nor humanity, nor religion in proposing it."

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"It is the right of the Free States, and I wish it were more extensively felt to be their sacred duty, to oppose by their votes, and all legitimate influences, the creation of any new Slave States, especially out of any territory, Mexican or American, that is now free.

Had I a voice in the public councils, I would say to the advocates of slave extension,—if they would not listen to any moral plea, I would take ground more intelligible to them,—I would say to them, "We will not consent to bring new States into being, with that curse planted upon them by our act, and before they have a people to speak for themselves,—that curse which must blight their future career. Look at your own impoverished, half-depopulated, slovenly cultivated States. Compare Kentucky with Ohio, or Virginia with New York, in all that constitutes the prosperity of states. Review the sayings and writings of your own sages and statesmen in the old time, who pronounced this institution to be founded in flagrant wrong, and fraught with unmitigated calamity. Look at all the distinct and fearful commentaries on this institution, to be found within your own borders; and then do not wonder that we refuse,—simply as men, citizens, patriots,—refuse to bring new communities into being, blighted by our act from their birth, and by our hands saddled with ruin from their cradles. As political fathers and guardians of new States, we will not blast our offspring with the seeds of incurable disease, and a slow but certain death. For the fault will be more ours who begin the mischief than theirs who, in after generations, will have to bear it because they will not know how to help themselves. We give our solemn, united, and unalterable "No!" to every act that would involve us in this guilt."

O, it is greatly to be desired that on this momentous question the North and West should be true to themselves; and that with no selfish and sectional spirit, but so true to themselves as to be true to the whole country, true to future generations,—and for some it may not be in vain to add, true to the behests of justice, humanity, and religion.

Whatever be the course of events on this and kindred subjects, I see no occasion for passionate excitement. Let us use our influence for the right,—use it soberly, in good-nature, unprovoked, without threats and without alarm; and in the mean time, let God's providence work on, and work out its great designs, as it surely will, in its own good time."

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR MAY.

An unusually interesting number of this excellent periodical. The account of Sir Peabody is admirable. So is the Review of Dr. Ware's Works. The article entitled The Jewish Prophet is written in the clear and diamond-like style which marks all the productions of its author, and is evidently the result of thought and emotion. But it does not satisfy us. It is not such an article on that subject as ought to be published by so profound and accomplished a scholar as the writer, or in so able a review as the Examiner. It is too dogmatic to satisfy an intelligent inquirer. For instance, it says; "We think it a great mistake, at the present day, to interpret the Scriptures under the idea that any prophecies, either of the Old Testament or the New, are awaiting their literal fulfilment in our own or any after generation. *None of those holy oracles were meant to touch any part of the history of the modern world. None of them reach down to any of the transactions of the passing age.* None of them wrap up in mysterious language any information as to what shall be in the latter days, or when those days shall arrive. Such information has been sought after by the curious, believed in by the credulous, pretended to by the designing. *But it is not there.*" Here are assertions strong enough and they may be true. But we wish to know the grounds on which they rest. No one is more competent to give them than the writer, and there is no more suitable place for them than the Examiner. Is all interest in Biblical criticism dying out among us, that conclusions so at variance with commonly received notions as these, are to be taken without a reason, simply on the authority of the writer, however distinguished he may be? We know that long, elaborate essays on these subjects are apt to be dull, but they furnish the only satisfactory method of conducting such inquiries, and we should be glad to see one such essay in every number of the Examiner. We should not have made these remarks, were it not that we feel it our duty to protest, not against this article in particular, but against the fashion now prevalent among us, in respect to matters of Biblical interpretation. Such articles, for example, as those which formerly appeared in the Examiner, on the Epistle to the Hebrews and other similar subjects, might still serve as models for such inquiries; and again we would say that no one among us is more able to prepare such articles than the author of "The Jewish Prophet," if he could only have confidence in his audience.

We had intended to remark on other articles in the Examiner; but must not take up more room.

[The following letter, which has been kindly handed to us will show some of the difficulties attendant upon Missionary efforts at the West. The writer is a Presbyterian of the New School.]

For the Register.

DODGEVILLE, [Wisconsin,] March 31st, 1847.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I suppose you have heard from us by way of M—— since we arrived at the far West. I intended however, to have written you long ere this, but a multitude of reasons have hindered—such as are common to a new country, and especially to one whose circumstances and labors have been as mine since I came here. I will give you a short history of my journeys, labors and trials since I left C—— last spring. About three months before the ninth year closed in C——, * * * * I gave the people notice that I should leave at the close of the ecclesiastical year, April 1, 1846. At that time, I closed my labors there. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and does yet between myself and that people. They showed us many acts of kindness when we started on our journey. About the first of April, I wrote to the American Home Missionary Society, that I would take a mission to the West, if they saw fit to give me one. I received in answer; that my applications could not be attended to till after the Anniversary week in New York. I had, some months previous, received an invitation from two Churches at the West, to become their minister. The Church at Hazle-Green, South-western Wisconsin, and the other in Tazewell County, Ill. Hence I wrote to the Board that I would choose to be located, if appointed, either in Northern Ill., or Southern Wisconsin. The twelfth of May, not having received an answer from the Board, and not willing to be idle, I started for the West; arrived at Buffalo—sold my horse—took my Buggy on the steamboat, and sailed for Chicago. I had a good voyage, arrived there on the nineteenth, saw a number of ministering brethren, who urged me hard to occupy McHenry County as a missionary field of much promise, and live at Crystal-Lake village where was a small, but interesting Church, who wanted a minister half of the time. I was pleased with the idea, but as I had promised to go to Hazel-Green, I could not then promise. I bought me a fine young horse, put him in my Buggy, and rode thirty-six miles to Elgin on Fox river, where I found friends; thence thirty-six more to Belvidere on a branch of Rock river, where I also found some of my Church members from C——. In fact, every day I found more or less old friends and acquaintances. Thence I went up Rock river to Rockton, Beloit and Janesville in Wisconsin, where I found a brother-in-law. I staid over the Sabbath—preached and administered the Lord's Supper,—ordained a Deacon over a small missionary Church in the last mentioned village. The next day I started for the Mining Regions, and at noon, finding no place to feed my horse, I took out the bits and let him feed on the prairie, while I sat down to read and make memoranda. The horse turning round, saw my buffalo robe, took fright and started. I jumped and seized him by the halter; he ran, dragging me through the grass, bushes and water, I pulling, &c. The buffalo flew one way—trunk another,—valise here, umbrella there and several other things were scattered over a considerable area of ground. After a while, I succeeded in getting my horse against a large prickly bush, and then stopped him, and again put the bits in his mouth. He was much frightened, and trembled much. I was wet by being dragged through water more than two feet deep, but not hurt. After fastening my horse, I hunted up my trunk, &c.; found my cloak in the water,—trunk in another place; whip, buffalo; and even my testament,—a small memorandum book, and the pencil I was writing with—all found after a few moment's searching through the grass; nothing damaged. It seemed providential, and I had a heart to praise the Lord. I rode on to Monroe village—the county seat of Green Co., thirty-six miles to Zanesville. Here I ascertained that there was no Church or minister of our order in the county, yet several thousand inhabitants. The man with whom I staid, was a physician, and the only Presbyterian or Congregationalist, in the village. He urged me to take that county for my field of labor, and live at this village. They had a good Court-house just finished, where I could preach. There is very little preaching of any kind in the county. It is a fine agricultural district—well watered and wooded—prairies rich, &c. The next day I rode to a mining village called New-Diggings, thirty-six miles farther; two or three hundred miners live here. I thought it was New-Diggings, sure enough, piles of red earth covered the hills, side-hills and ravines, lead ore in profusion, and some copper ore. The village is situated in a deep ravine, where there was mud, filth and wickedness enough for one place. The next day I rode to Benton, four miles, where the day before one man got angry and shot another in fight;—thence to Hazle-Green. Here I found friends and ascertained that they had employed a minister a few days before, not expecting me, as I was two or three weeks behind the time I set to be there. Thence I went to the city of Galena; and after a few days visited several other mining villages. I found destitute places enough, where there was no preaching, but concluded to go south of Illinois river into Tazewell county, riding through a most beautiful prairie country, mostly unsettled. I got lost on the prairies several times, and went twenty miles out of my way one day; frequently seeing no houses for twenty miles together,—crossed Illinois river in a boat about sundown, Saturday night, having thirteen miles to go, to get to Brother A's, over a new road. It was dark, stormy and muddy, and we got lost in the woods, went out of our way and traveled on till about midnight when we arrived at the village of Washington, and put up at a tavern. In the morning I called on the minister of this place, Rev. Mr. E—, an acquaintance of mine in Western New York; and preached for him twice, the last time in a school-house where my brother A., and his family were at meeting. A fine country! I spent the next Sabbath at the village of Metamora, the county seat of Woodford Co., a beautiful village where is a small Presbyterian Church; they gave me a call to become their minister—a new brick Court-house to preach in—gave them some encouragement, if the Missionary Board would admit of it. Thence rode North-east up Illinois river to Magdolia, where is no preaching,—thence through several villages to the mouth of Fox river, where we forded the Illinois river on a bed of rocks; if we had gone five feet to the right or left, we should have gone down deep, but we escaped;—thence up Fox river through the flourishing villages of Batavia, Oswego, Geneva and St. Charles, to Elgin, where we called on Rev. Mr. H—, whom I had seen at Chicago. At his urgent request, I went to McHenry Co., and preached one Sabbath at Crystal-Lake—one of the prettiest lakes I ever saw, and as fine prairies. The Church here gave me a unanimous call to be their minister half the time. I preached two Sabbaths at Woodstock,—county seat—where they invited me to preach the other half of the time.

I then went to Chicago, where I attended the great Anti-Slavery Convention, and received a letter containing my appointment as missionary—offering me either of the four following stations. Hazle-Green and vicinity, Lancaster and vicinity, in Grant Co., Monroe and the whole of Green Co., or Ridgeway and vicinity;—all these are in the South-west part of Wisconsin, and all mineral regions, except Green Co., which is agricultural. Rev. Mr. H——, pastor at Elgin, still determined I should go to Crystal-Lake;—he and others sent on immediately to have my appointment changed, and was confident it would be,—so that I engaged a house at Crystal-Lake, and left my Buggy there, sold my horse and returned home; crossed Lake Michigan to St. Joseph, went by railroad to Detroit, and reached home July fourteenth, after traveling about three thousand miles. I sold my lot and buildings for a low price, and also heavy articles of furniture, and started with my family for the West, Sept. 2d. It was an affecting time at parting with Christian friends at C——. I took my family in a double Buggy, and about thirty hundred of goods, to Buffalo.

I had forgot to say that while at C——, I received my commission from the A. H. M. S., refusing to change my location, so I determined to go to Ridgeway. At Buffalo we took passage on steamer Oregon, one of the largest boats on the Lake; landed at Chicago,—thence went to Crystal Lake, and sold the Buggy I had left there;—thence to Janesville and Ridgeway—Dodgeville and Mineral Point. Not being able to find a house to live in at either place, after staying at Christian friends' for two weeks, we put up a log-cabin twenty-three miles north of Mineral Point, and fourteen north of Dodgeville, and went there to live. Our house was in Wyoming valley,—one of the most beautiful in the country—only twelve families there. We staid there two months, and then finding a house at Dodgeville, we moved there, where we now live. Dodgeville is a very pleasant village—or rather, will be, when improved; it now contains seven or eight hundred inhabitants—half foreigners—no Catholics, being mostly from England and Wales. We are forty miles north of Galena—forty from Mississippi river, east, and forty from Madison city. I preach at Ridgeway—Wyoming Valley—Franklin,—Willow-Springs—Floyds and Dodgeville. The most of my time the rest of the year, I expect to spend at Dodgeville and Ridgeway, and go occasionally to the other places. It is a circuit of about one hundred miles.

It has been a cold winter here, deep snow, and good sleighing from Jan. 1st, till March 15th. It is now pleasant, and getting settled. I have been here now about six months—I find the weather differs much from what it is in Western New York. We have had both fall and winter—nearly all fair and pleasant days; what few rains and snows we have, come mostly in the night—no frost to kill vegetables, till the fifteenth of October—and no thaws during the winter. The prairies and woodland are more hilly than in the eastern part of the territory—some parts quite hilly—especially near Wisconsin river. The soil is fine and very productive—healthy, except on low streams;—but a small part of the land as yet settled. It has been costly living here for me so far, as we came in late, and house rent is high. The times are improving, however, in this respect—we have enough to eat, &c.; and therewith I have learned to be content. The people vote here next Tuesday, to establish a county seat for this new county. It is expected that this village will be fixed upon, as it is central and will best commode the inhabitants. I administered the Sacrament last Sabbath to the Welsh Congregational Church of this place—they can understand but little English—have Welsh preaching by a young Licentiate, and are an interesting community. I organised a new Welsh Church at the Blue-Mounds—seventeen miles east of here, three weeks since.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I had finished what I had to say respecting Dr. Spring's ministry, when my attention was called to the New York Observer and its symptoms of disquietude and disturbed equanimity.

The Observer it seems has the oversight of Dr. Spring's Church, because its "windows look down upon its roof." I perceive, as every one must, the validity of the reason. It is similar if not identical to the reason of Presbyterian oversight. It is my hope, however, that a wiser and a better genius

"Sits up aloft
To watch the life of poor Peter."

And that the counsels of the venerable doctor were not, like Paul, "let down from the window" in such interesting and responsible proximity to his Church.

The Observer should not abuse its eminence by uttering false alarms or bearing false witness, and therefore should not have said that Crito in the Register had been describing a "dreadful state of morals produced by the preaching of Dr. Spring." The character of a religious journal for veracity is everything, and the Observer should not expose itself to reproach for disregarding the truth in representing the opinions of its neighbors. I am willing to make large allowance for the Observer when it attributes to Crito a sentiment he never uttered, and that never entered his mind. I understand all about the *odium theologicum*, and its common resort of perversion and misstatement of its antagonist's views and language, and I can pity and forgive those who by long association with it have become tainted with sanctified mendacity, but the common people have a way of calling things by simple Saxon titles, and it would be mortifying to have them speak of the Observer as having told——what is not true.

It is desirable that a public journal should know the difference between backbiting, which is a private vice common in Presbyterian Churches, and open, candid, respectful comment upon the publicly expressed doctrines of any minister or denomination, which is a virtue practised extensively by *liberal* men, and conceded by *liberal* and sensible men every where to be right and entirely expedient. I notice that the Observer for some weeks has been addressing a series of articles to Bishop Hughes, examining with much freedom the moral tendency of his doctrines, and commenting with considerable severity upon the practices of the Roman Catholic Church. Is that backbiting? Just as much so as Crito's correspondence! The articles are of the same nature—mine I think less severe than the Observer's. If then the Register, or its correspondent, is chargeable with backbiting, what becomes of the Observer? I am afraid that the Observer *overlooks* some other thing besides the Brick Church.

The application of the epithet "stupid calumny" to the letters of Crito, betrays a disturbed placidity, a break in the profound mental repose of the Observer which I trust may be attended with no unpleasant consequences. I feel the force of such language. I have known it to accomplish wonders in my day in annihilating an adversary and closing a controversy. It often compels a retreat or a surrender when argument has entirely failed. The bold, unfaltering utterance of such phrases has raised many a man to the doctorate in this part of the world.

But I have my doubts whether the Observer will advance its reputation by this method of hurling hideous names at innocent things. Its *forte* lies rather in non-committalism and an intense degree of nothingness. Its secret of prosperity has been its total abstinence from affirmatives in all cases, and in so using language as to conceal all meaning on all subjects admitting two opinions, thus conciliating all parties and offending none.

What the Observer alleges respecting the benevolence of the Orthodox Churches is very well. I dare say that journal speaks as it believes on that subject. My opinion is different, and for choosing to say what I thought in one of my letters, the Observer denounced me as a calumniator. Even so high an example shall not tempt me to retaliate, or fling back the injurious epithet. I should rejoice to be convinced that all the praise claimed by this journal for its Orthodox friends was just and true. I should rejoice to find that I have underrated their charities, and would promptly and cheerfully confess my error. But I see no *evidence* in the Observer to alter my opinion. I know, and have so said heretofore, that there are many bright examples of the spirit of charity among the Orthodox. There are honorable examples of this same spirit among the members of Dr. Spring's Church. I know it and rejoice in it, and have honored them for it in previous letters. Still the opinion heretofore expressed remains unchanged. It is an opinion formed after long and intimate and close acquaintance with those of whom I speak, that to a great extent the humane and merciful affections and sympathies are not called into action by Calvinistic preaching. I have yet to learn that the expression of this opinion is wrong or a just cause of offence.

I must apologize to you for turning aside in this letter from my purpose of noticing the New York pulpit in regular order but shall return to it in my next. Truly yours,

CRITO.

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NOTE. In your notice of the N. Y. Observer in your last, you have fallen into a mistake in speaking of Crito as a *clergyman* connected with the Orthodox body in [this] quarter." You may have been misled into this by a passage in the first of these letters, in which the writer speaks of himself as having been for many years "intimately connected with ministers, Churches, and ecclesiastical bodies, of the Presbyterian Church." You will find upon recurring to the letter that it did not claim for your correspondent any connection as a clergyman. Please make this correction.

For the Register.

TO THE CLERGY OF THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

BRETHREN.—The period of our Anniversaries being near at hand, the Committee who were charged with the arrangements for the present year take this opportunity in the name of the Laymen of Boston, most cordially and affectionately to invite you with your ladies to be present at the Annual Collation to be served in the hall over the Maine Rail Road Depot, Haymarket Square, on Tuesday, May 25th, 1847, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

It is hoped that every clergyman who sympathises with us, from all parts of our land, and all who may be in the country from abroad, will unite with us on the return of this pleasant occasion, affording to the Laymen of the city, the privilege of meeting our friends from every section in social intercourse and friendship.

Clergyman's tickets may be obtained at the store of Crosby & Nichols, No. 111 Washington street.

We would tender the hospitality of our homes and firesides to all who will favor us with a visit during Anniversary week. The Secretary, to whom all communications on this subject may be addressed, will provide every one who desires it with a hearty welcome in the families of our brethren in the city. In bonds of Christian fellowship. For the Committee.

W. D. COOLIDGE, Secretary.
No. 32 Pearl Street.

THE COLLATION.

The Committee who are charged with the arrangements for the approaching Festival, would give notice, that an equal distribution of the tickets has been made to each Society, and may be obtained of the gentlemen named below.

It is desirable that an early application be made so that no disappointment or delays may occur in the necessary arrangements.

Rev. Mr. Lothrop's Society of Mt. Ebn'r. Dale.

Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Society of Mr. Calvin W. Clark.

Rev. Mr. Huntington's Society of Mr. Joseph Eustes.

Rev. Mr. Gray's Society of Mr. David Paige.

Rev. Mr. Peabody's Society of Mr. Wm. Thomas.

Rev. Mr. Barrett's Society of Mr. Lewis G. Pray.

Rev. Mr. Frothingham's Society of Mr. J. T. Hayward.

Rev. Mr. Waterston's Society of Mr. S. H. Barnes.

Rev. Mr. Thomas' and Lippett's Society of Mr. Francis Alger.

Rev. Mr. Gannett's Society of Mr. Samuel E. Guild.

Rev. Mr. Robbins' Society of Mr. F. W. Lincoln, Jr.

Rev. Mr. Young's Society of Mr J. G. Wetherell.

Rev. Mr. Clark's Society of Mr. B. H. Greene.

Rev. Mr. Parkman's Society of Mr. Charles Arnold.

Rev. Mr. Fosdick's Society of Mr. G. F. Williams.

Rev. Mr. Fox's Society of Mr. C. G. Loring, Jr.

Rev. Mr. Livermore's Society East Boston, W. W. Alcott, or of the Secretary, Mr. Coolidge, 32 Pearl Street.

For the Register.

FOR CHILDREN.

NEW YORK, March 1st, 1847.

MY DEAR CLARA,—My letter to you on that stormy day, strangely enough, gave me a new love for you. Perhaps it gave you some pleasure, for I have seen your bright face in my thoughts many times since and long to know whether you are happy in your home and school. That little summer room of yours at B., with its shady trees and flowery vines, talks pleasant memories with you, I suppose, as it often does with me. It was a most loveable place surely, but a happy heart is after all the best dwelling—is it not! Did you read, in the Register a few weeks since, that sweet little Danish story—"The Daisy"! It was written by a gentleman, who was once a poor lonely boy, wandering about with a desponding heart, in search of a home and friends and daily bread. He made a sorrowful story of the joyous bird and flower, and ends it by saying—"no one thought of the poor Daisy." Ah, but many, many loving hearts, who read that story will never forget the poor Daisy! Could the modest flower have seen the group of childish faces, bending over the paper, to read and listen to the simple tale; had she watched little Robert's glowing cheek, and silent indignant look, or felt the gentle sympathy and wondering doubt in the eyes of the little girls, as they exclaimed in soft voices, "too bad!"—her timid heart would have faltered and trembled even more than when the joyous Lark came down to sing to and kiss her. She longed to do some good to the poor imprisoned bird, when on the next day she was put into the cage to droop and die with him—but she was wholly unable to say how much she loved and pitied him. So she was thrown away "and no one thought of the poor Daisy." "Ah, but we *do* all think of her, and for her sake we are trying to correct one of our faults," say two little girls. "When we forget our resolution, we need only to be reminded of the Lark and Daisy, and our love for them and the sweet story will help us to remember. I wonder if the homeless lonely Danish boy, ever wished he were *dead*, Clara. He must thank the Heavenly Father now I think, that he is alive, and able to write such beautiful stories, helping others to be good and happy. Sorrowful, lonely even tempted hours, *do* help us to be good, however hard they may be to bear. Perhaps even you have begun to learn this, my little girl. Yes, and they teach us to sympathise with and help each other to be good, so we will try to be grateful for them, especially if like the innocent Daisy, and her pure hearted biographer, they can win little children to love and bless us, and to conquer their faults, by happy recollections of us. You would like such a life, even if it were darkened by sorrow. So drive away all temptations. Love, with your strong resolute spirit—let every trial speak lessons of gentle patience from that story-telling face of yours, and every temptation soften the quick feelings, which are so apt to come flashing forth, from those tell-tale eyes. Spring is coming—not with *English* Larks and Daisies, but with birds and flowers, and new delights. We too will add loveliness to the fair season. We will contribute sweet winning tempers to vie with the glad sunshine—our kind words—let us make them sweeter than notes of blue bird, robin, or wood lark;—and our loving acts—Clara,—they shall shed around us a purer fragrance than the perfume of lily, bell or violet. Do not forget MISS AMIE.

For the Register.

A WAR SONG.

To the war! to the war!
Gird your armor on,
Not for feeble Mexico,
Not for Oregon.

There are nearer, nearer foes,
On our very soil!
They are round us, they're upon us,
And shall we recoil?

Human vices, human vices
Justly give alarm;
Countless are the serried ranks,
And mighty is their arm.

To the battle! to the battle!
Gird ye up for fight!
Meet them in their first advances;
Meet them in their might.

What an army! what an army!
Who their force can scan?
Generals Avarice and Ambition
Thunder in the van.

On our flanks, on our flanks,
General Pleasure see,
Pressing with his light dragoons,
And his chivalry!

On our rear, on our rear,
See Intemperance,
Not less boldly, if more slyly,
His loose train advance!

He is subtle! he is subtle!
In our very camp,
On our sleeping ranks and leaders
How his horsemen tramp!

Lo! his banners, lo! his banners,
Flout the Capitol;
And his emissaries sit
In the council hall.

To the rescue! to the rescue!
Hecatombs are falling!
Hark! for aid our captive brothers,
Sons, and sires, are calling.

They are calling, they are calling,
Shall we recreant prove?
Nor the voice of mothers bleeding,
Wives, and daughters, move?

Let us rally! let us rally!
Muster every band;
Drive the foe from every corner
Of our happy land.

No guerilla, no guerilla,
Open warfare wage,
With our floating banner waving
And our honored pledge.

On the altar, on the altar
Of our country swear,
We will never sheathe the sword,
While one foe is there;

That the freedom, that the freedom,
From our sires which came,
Unimpaired, shall yet go down
To future times the same;

Every fetter, every fetter
Break from soul and limb;
And free, as from our God we came,
We will return to him.

C. E.

Warren, Me. Jan. 1847.

*** At the Annual meeting of the Book and Pamphlet Society held April 26th,—the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz., Lewis G. Pray, President.—Francis Alger, Vice President.—A. H. Sumner, Treasurer, and S. G. Simpkins, Secretary.—For the Executive Committee, Messrs. Francis Brown, Charles Faulkner, and D. R. Chapman.

Judge Rogers declined re-election as President of the Society. A vote of thanks was tendered to him for his past services.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ATLAS GAZATEER OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By the Rev. Williams Jenks, D. D.

This is a work evidently prepared with great care, and to many the author's name will be a sufficient warrant for its accuracy. It embodies the valuable results of recent researches in the east, and to those who would thoroughly understand the Scriptures, must be a most important help. It contains maps of all the countries mentioned in the Bible, a dictionary of the Natural History of the Bible with engravings, tables of time, weights, measures, &c., a colored Missionary map of the world, &c. &c. It would require more attention than we can give to judge of all its parts, but we do not hesitate to recommend it as a capacious repository of rich and valuable information.

THE SCRIPTURE TEXT BOOK AND TREASURY.

The first part of this book is intended to furnish texts on all the most important subjects treated in the Scriptures, while the second part is "designed to afford a general view of the manners, customs and history of the Jews" &c. It is a Trinitarian work, carefully prepared, and very convenient for those who in the easiest way would make themselves acquainted with what the Scriptures teach on any particular subject.

THE CHURCH MEMBERS MANUAL. By William Crowell, with an introductory essay by Henry J. Ripley, D. D.

This volume of 270 pages, elaborately prepared, while professing to present "a systematic view of the structure, polity, doctrines and practices of Christian Churches, as taught in the Scriptures," may be taken as an exposition of what is so regarded by the large and enlightened body of Baptists in this country; though we are happy to see that the New York Recorder thinks that in some respects its discipline bears too heavily on individual churches. There is always danger of this, when a whole denomination undertake to lay down particular rules for all the parts. The book must be a convenient one for Baptists, and useful to all who would understand the principles, polity and practices of the Baptist Denomination.

A DISCOURSE commemorative of the life and ministry of the Rev. Zephaniah Willis, delivered before the First Congregational Society in Kingston. By Augustus R. Pope.

A simple, straight forward discourse, telling in good taste just what such a discourse ought to tell and then stopping. We hope to quote largely from it next week.

BROTHERHOOD IN THE SANCTUARY. A sermon preached at the Dedication of the Lee Street Church, Cambridge. By Rev. A. B. Muzzey.

A very good sermon, setting forth in earnest language a very important subject. Certainly there is some truth in the following suggestions which claim to be more carefully considered than they have yet been among us.

"I have sometimes feared—let me say it frankly, I trust it is in no unworthy spirit—I have feared that we were deviating in some of our most tastes and arrangements for the public worship of God, from the course prescribed by the genius of Christianity. Some, in these days, seem disposed, instead of uniting at this point more closely the opposite classes of society, to separate them more and more widely. On the one extreme we are building magnificent churches which almost unavoidably exclude those of humble fortunes, and on the other extreme we are establishing and sustaining exclusive 'ministries to the poor.' Now, both these tendencies are unfriendly to the widest and purest influence of Christianity. I believe that many who engage in the erection of our costliest churches regret their affect in debarring the destitute from their walls; and I am sure that no one possessed of the spirit of him who came to preach the Gospel both to the rich and the poor, can fail to second and lament the evil, amid much that is good, which often follows from gathering the poor by themselves, in churches built and supported by more favored classes.

"They tend to destroy a due self-respect among the needy. The 'ragged schools' of London have done much, it is said, by their unpopular name, and by making the beggar a conspicuous object, to create in this class a sense of degradation, and hence do them moral harm. Give the poor man an opportunity, I would say to contribute something, if it be the smallest sum, toward the pecuniary maintenance of the worship in which he joins. Jesus commended the widow who gave but two mites to the temple of her faith. There was a wisdom, no less than benevolence in this example we should do well to imitate. God hasten the day when it can be said, not of the Catholic church alone, as is now, I believe, the case, but of every denomination and sect in Christendom, that the humblest of its worshipers brings his tribute, according to his ability to that altar, where the poor man should 'rejoice in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low.'"

We have long been satisfied that the course pursued in this city, while it has a great deal to commend it, may yet be greatly improved. But the subject is so important that we defer it till we can treat it more at large than in this place.

"Amid a population rapidly increasing and unprovided by their distance from the present places of worship, you have erected another temple to the service of the Most High. On these beautiful grounds and from this elevated spot you desire to look far and wide, and invite every one that thirsteth' to come and 'take the water of life freely.' It is your hope that 'the rich and the poor may meet together,' and that, according to the ability which God hath given them, and as their unbidden liberality shall dictate, they may contribute to the support of this enterprise. With a generous faith in human nature, a spirit of humility, and looking up to God for the increase, you have given yourselves,—I can-not forbear saying it,—devotedly, both by unlimited personal exertions and sacrifices, and by your worldly goods, to the prosecution of this glorious enterprise. To-day you behold in this lovely structure, the result of your efforts. Thanks be to Him who has so signally prospered your undertaking. May its high spiritual purpose be helped forward and blessed by the same Guardian Power.

"To myself,—impressed as I have been for these many years with a growing conviction of the importance of the principle set forth in this discourse, and having repeatedly, in private and in public, expressed my desire to see the experiment fairly tried of a church built and supported upon the broad Christian ground of voluntary contributions, and of opening wide the door to all who hunger for the bread of life,—this is an hour of no ordinary emotions. Thanks be to Him who permits me at length to lift up my voice within walls dedicated to the free spirit of the Gospel. Here and in a cause so emphatically mine would I spend and be spent; no situation deserves labors and sacrifices like this. God help pastor and people to be true to their trust."

*** The Corner Stone of the Church now building by the Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Society, on the corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue, was laid on Monday, at 6 A. M., with appropriate religious services. The Address was by the Pastor.

The Bath Tribune states that Bowdoin College is receiving large contributions from various sources to be appropriated to a variety of objects, such as completing its beautiful unique Chapel, now in progress, adding its already extensive libraries, aiding indigent students, and otherwise increasing its facilities and advancing its prosperity.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. The arrival of great numbers of Irish emigrants at all our great sea ports, still continues. Many die on the passage: and the rest are generally in sad condition when landed. This matter needs looking into.—Between Concord and Boscawen, N. H., the northern railroad has been badly damaged by the rise of the Merrimac.—*Berlin, March* 16. The course of study for the summer term of the Berlin University has just been made public. There are to be three hundred and thirty-six courses, to be given by a hundred and sixty-four professors. For the last three years, the number of students of theology at Berlin has considerably diminished. In 1844, the number ambunted to 643, and now there is 247. In all the German Universities, the number of theological students, of late years, has very much fallen off, but not in so great proportion.—The United States Gazette says, that owing to cold weather and want of rain, enormous prices are demanded for provisions in the Philadelphia market. Butter is fifty cents a pound. But then it is *butter*, and *Philadelphia* butter.—A son of the late Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, edits a weekly English paper, published at Rome. The number for 27th of February contains an interesting account of the celebration, by Americans, of the birth day of Washington. —The steamer Sarah Sands arrived at New York on the 29th ult., with two days later intelligence from Europe. The only news of importance is that of a change in the Spanish ministry, supposed to indicate a decrease of the influence of the King of the French and a gain of influence on the part of England.—Rev. Thos. M. Clarke has received and accepted an invitation to become assistant minister, on the Price foundation, so called, of Trinity Church, in Summer street. Mr. Clarke was formerly Rector of Grace Church, Temple street: and left that to take charge of a church in Philadelphia.—*May day* (last Saturday) was bright and pleasant, and warm as our experience of spring thus far, gave us right to expect. The scene at the Public Garden, in this city, in the afternoon was animated and joyous. There was a crowd of children, and their songs and dances were suited to the merry month of May. The order was good. There was a proper police to keep in check the few very rude and lawless: and the pleasant sunshine, good music and good humor did the rest. A little paper, "The Gazette of the Garden" was on sale, composed of extracts recommending this and similar resorts in cities for their beneficial effects on health and morals, and containing promises of farther improvements in these grounds and the provision of innocent recreation on future holidays if the community will encourage the efforts by adequate patronage. On all common days the garden and green house (a very neat and pretty affair) are open without charge.—We learn from private letters that the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, our Minister near the Court of St. James, says the N. Y. Evening Post, is receiving much attention on account of his high literary reputation. At the Centennial Festival of the University of Cambridge he was toasted by Mr. Macauley. Mr. B. has also been chosen a Fellow of the London Society of Antiquarians, on motion of Lord Mahon.—Prince Achille Murat, son of Napoleon's celebrated Marshal, died on his plantation in Florida about the middle of March. He has resided in this country since 1821, and we believe, was about 45 years of age. His life here was retired, devoted somewhat to literary pursuits: and he was held in much esteem by his friends in Florida.—Late accounts from Matamoros show a wretched state of morals among the soldiers. Robberies and murders are of frequent occurrence. Col. Cushing has issued stringent orders, closing gambling and dancing halls and drinking shops.

A company of capitalists in this city have purchased the Falls of St. Anthony on the Mississippi as the site of a future city, and purpose transporting thither during the coming season European emigrants as they arrive on our shores.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST. We understand that the late Wm. Oliver, Esq., of Dorchester, left the whole of his property, valued at not less than *a hundred thousand dollars*, to be divided equally between the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston, and the McLean Asylum for the Insane, at Somerville. One third of this sum is to be paid over immediately, and the remainder at the decease of his two sisters.

Mr. Oliver commenced life a poor boy, and acquired his property in a few years by his prudence and energy in mercantile pursuits. One hundred thousand dollars was the amount he fixed upon as the extent of his wishes, in early life, and when he had made that sum, he retired to his country residence in Dorchester, and passed the summer and autumn of his days in unceasing but unostentatious benevolence. [Atlas.

☞ The benevolent efforts of our countrymen to relieve the distressed and starving population of Great Britain are truly gratifying, and are in strange contrast with our treatment of the Indian Tribes and the Mexican Tribes. We glory in bringing distress on one portion of the human race, while we take pride in giving relief to another portion.

A large public meeting has been recently held in London where resolutions were adopted with loud cheering, in grateful acknowledgment of obligation to us. The following was proposed by Mr. Jones, and seconded by Mr. Harrold:

Resolved, That overpowered with heartfelt gratitude at the prompt, decisive and energetic benevolence of the people of the United States of America, in their spontaneous and unsolicited aid to the poor peasantry of Ireland, we feel language to be inadequate to give expression to our gratitude to that noble and independent people; betokening as it does, to the nations of the earth, whether afflicted by distress caused by providential calamities or internal impolicy, that there is a great and magnanimous people on our globe, ever ready with hope, succor and consolation in the hour of need, and calling forth the overjoyed thanks of this meeting, the lasting gratitude of Ireland, and the admiration of the world.

The Rev. Mr. Matthew also writes to the Albany Evening Journal in this strain:

My Dearest Friend:

The munificent humanity evinced by our beloved Brethren in the United States, for the suffering Irish, has inspired every heart in this Island with ardent gratitude.

We shall ever regard America as our deliverer in the hour of bitter calamity. The immense supply of Indian Corn wafted into the Cove of Cork, the last few days, and free gift cargoes, daily expected, have had an unexpected effect on the Corn Market. Maize has fallen from £19 to £10 the ton. In the darkest hour of calamity we should not despair.—The mercies of the Lord are above all His wondrous works.

I am resolved, God willing, to leave Ireland for the United States next summer. It shall be my constant, anxious prayer, that the Lord may remove every obstacle, and allow me to indulge this darling desire of my heart.

As soon as the expected bread-stuff vessels arrive in Cork, I shall have the pleasure of writing to you again, expressing my thanks. [Ploughman.

The packet ship Henry Clay, has arrived at New York, bringing $300,000 in specie.

The correspondent of the Atlas gives these facts, whilst speaking of the distress among the poorer classes in France.

The aid given to individuals is enormous, every city, village and hamlet, distributing tickets to the poor, with which they can obtain bread at four cents a pound. The municipality of Paris have for weeks distributed 500,000 of these tickets every day, and as bread is now nearly six cents a pound, its daily charity is upwards of *nine thousand dollars*, besides large sums given in cash, wood, medicines and clothing. Charitable societies and individuals swell this noble work, all the capitalists of the day contributing largely. In addition to various donations, Baron Rothschild has consecrated a million of dollars to the purchase of grain and flour in foreign parts, to be sold in the markets of Paris at the current price of the day—if the operation presents losses, he supports them, if there be profits, they are to go into the city fund for the purchase of bread tickets. Ladies have sold their jewelry, one old priest sold the watch he had carried since his boyhood, and several colleges have disposed of their libraries to relieve starvation. "About a month since," says a letter to the National, "when it was so very cold, a person went to demand charity of General Drouot, (who died last week.) 'I have not a sous,' said the General; but after a pause he added, 'ah! yes, my full uniform yet remains.' A dealer was sent for, and he sold his imperial uniform, with the epaulette he wore at Waterloo, to purchase bread for the poor of Nancy."

The Horticulturalists have added to the contributions for the poor by an exhibition, to which the public were admitted by tickets, entitling the bearers to chances in a lottery of flowers, &c. The royal family sent five gold medals to the exhibitors, and paid several visits to the hall where there was a brilliant display, particularly of *rhododendron*. The gem was a *spireaprunifolia*, recently introduced into France from Japan, which was purchased by M. Souchat for $2,000. The estimated value of plants exhibited was $20,000.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Express, gives this description of a ride in Chili.

I wrote you last from Valparaiso. We remained in that port about two weeks, during which time I visited Santiago, which is some 100 miles or more in the interior. The country between the coast and the capital of Chili loses much of its beauty at this (the dry) season of the year, for want of vegetation; but this want is fully compensated for by the lofty *questas* which we pass over, and the occasional glimpses obtained of the high and towering peaks of the Andes. The manner of travelling in this country is either on horseback or in a *Biloche*, or gig.—Lieut. Ord and myself engaged a biloche and 10 horses, with 3 *peons*, or drivers, at Valparaiso, and left the city about two P. M. At first we had one horse in the shafts, and a second on the left ridden by a postullion, and attached to the vehicle by a lasso; but as soon as we began to ascend the hills, a second postillion rode up on the other side and attached his horse in the same way: the third peon drives the cavalcade of extra horses.

The peons, or *bilocheros*, as they are commonly called, drive with frightful velocity both up hill and down, changing their horses without breaking the gallop. To do this, one of the peons drives the cavalcade of extra horses some distance ahead of the biloche, catches one of them with his lasso, and immediately saddles and mounts him; he now joins the biloche, and changes place with one of the postillions without either dismounting or in the slightest degree checking the speed of the vehicle. The other two peons supply themselves with fresh horses in the same way; the tired animals being turned loose, and driven along in the cavalcade. The only delay is in changing the shaft horse, and even this is effected in an incredible short space of time.

The horses of this country are not large, but they are spirited, and capable of enduring great fatigue. We stopped but once on the road to Santiago to rest, and then only for a few hours, and our whole travelling time, for the distance of more than 100 miles, was less than 11 hours, and the horses were still quite fresh at the end of this journey, over a rough and mountainous country.

FINANCES OF MASSACHUSETTS. From the Report of the Committee of Finance, appointed at the early part of the late session of the legislature of this Commonwealth, we gather the following facts:—

The amount of money on hand in the Treasury of the State, on the first day of January, 1847, was,	5,032 06
The receipts into the Treasury, from various sources, during the year ending Dec. 31, 1846, was,	504,191 82
Amounting to,	$509,223 88
The whole amount of general expenditure from the Treasury during the year 1846, was,	501,065 31
Leaving the excess over the expenditures as the actual balance in the Treasury on the 31 Dec. 1846,	$8,658 57
The expected revenue of the State for the year ending 31 Dec. 1847 is estimated at,	478,308 57
The expenditures are estimated at,	446,075 00
Leaving in the Treasury an expected balance of,	$32,223 57
The principal debt of the State is the outstanding scrip issued for the Western R. R. stock and amounts to	995,000 00
As more than an offset to this, the State owns 10,000 shares of the Western R. R. stock, worth	1,020,000 00
And also has a sinking fund, steadily increasing in value, for redeeming the Western R. R. stock debt, worth	400,000 00
Amounting to	1,420,000 00
From which deduct the debt,	995,000 00
Leaving a balance of property in favor of the Commonwealth, of	$425,000 00

The railroad stock debt is not due till 1847, and it is believed, that at that time, the sinking fund will nearly redeem the debt.

The responsibilities which the State has assumed for other railroad corporations, amounting in all to about $5,000,000 00 is amply secured by a pledge of the whole property of these corporations, which are all prosperous; so that it is highly probable that the State will not be called to advance any money for these liabilities—but that all will be redeemed as they become due, by the corporations themselves.

Another property of the State is the School Fund, amounting to $830,000 00 which is rapidly approaching to one million, the maximum established by law.

As evidence of the soundness of our financial condition as a State, the Committee, in closing their report, has the following remarks on our credit abroad.

"A considerable portion of our state stock, loaned to the railroad corporations, has found its way across the ocean, into the hands of the capitalists of England. It bears a higher price, there, than any other of our state stocks. It is cherished and sought after for investment. The fact that our state scrip, bearing five per cent. interest, cannot be purchased, in any considerable quantity, at par, either in the foreign or domestic market, presents adequate proof that the pecuniary credit of no community can stand higher than that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

DRY GOODS REPORTER. A weekly newspaper has been recently established in New York city, entitled the "Dry Goods Reporter and Merchants Gazette." Its leading purpose is to give early and correct information in regard to affairs of trade generally, and of the Dry Goods business in particular. In its various articles it embraces most topics of interest to business men. And we are glad to notice, that at the outset, it places its moral standard high, for the true and honorable merchant. It is edited by Robert R. Boyd and Edward E. Dunbar. From its elevated tone, in regard to the true principles and practical character of business life, we anticipate for it success in other and better respects than merely pecuniary gains.

MR. DROMGOOLE, of Virginia, whose death immediately followed his re-election to the seat which he has so long held in the National House of Representatives, was an able and influential man—but a slave to the destroying vice of intemperance. If he had always been true to himself he would have been a distinguished ornament to his State and his country. The Washington Union remarks of him with truth:

"He had a wonderful influence over the minds of men, whenever he did justice to himself. His destiny would have been singularly bright and lofty, if his rare endowments had never been eclipsed by one unfortunate habit. G. C. Dromgoole was one of the first men in Virginia; and he was, occasionally, the strongest man in the House of Representatives." [Traveller.

THE HORSE. The Massachusetts Agricultural Society has imported an anatomical model of the horse, in *papier mache*—of the same material of which the manakins are constructed—that is true to nature in every essential particular, both as it respects the size, position and color of each and every organ, internal as well as external, and which may be separated, piece by piece, from the superficial muscles to the deepest seated tendons. As a work of art, it is admirable—nay, more, surprising.

On Friday evening, April 16th, a lecture was given in the hall of the House of Representatives, in this city, by Dr. Warren, on the general anatomy of the horse, making reference to this splendid production, in illustration of his propositions, and we think favorably impressed an intelligent audience on the importance of having a systematic course of veterinary science taught in this place. We cheerfully accord to him the honor of having opened a sealed volume in Massachusetts, and thank him, too, in the name of humanity, for this kind effort to lessen the suffering of this noble and useful animal. [Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

The "Examiner" says that at the late sale of the Library of John Wilkes, Esq., in London, the "*Biblia Sacra Latina*," being the first edition of the Holy Scriptures, in *three* volumes, without name of printer, place, or date, but attributed to the press of Guttenburg, at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455, "was knocked down for £500 to Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, the American Booksellers, its destination being the *American Museum at Washington*." The Athenæum says the book is in *two* volumes, and that the first offer was 200 guineas.—A copy of the same book was sold at the Duke of Sussex's Library, a few years back, for 190 guineas! I suppose, by the "American Museum at Washington," is meant the Library of the Smithsonian Institute. If so, the Regents are determined to rank high among Bibliomaniacs, by commencing their labors with the purchase of one of the dearest books ever sold; and which, whatever may be its intrinsic value to a *few Biblical critics*, is not very particularly calculated to carry out Mr. Smithson's desire, *"to increase and diffuse knowledge among men."* [London Cor. National Intelligencer.

☞ MASS. CONGREGATIONAL CHARITABLE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF WIDOWS AND FEMALE CHILDREN OF DECEASED MINISTERS. The Committee of the Society, require that all who make application for aid from the Society for the first time the present year, will do it on or before the 17th inst., stating the age of the applicant, the number, age, and sex of her children dependent on her for support, (if she be a widow;) the amount of her property and income; her ability to help herself; who is legally bound to assist her, and the aid she receives; how she is now supported; and any other facts that may assist the Committee in forming a just opinion of her case.

It is only the widows and single female children of ministers who have died in the ministry in Massachusetts, and who were originally settled for a term not less than five years, that can receive aid from the Society.

CHARLES LOWELL,
Chairman of the Committee of M. C. C. S.
Boston, May 3d, 1847. my8

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The annual public meeting of the Sunday School Society will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 26, at Rev. Dr. Gannett's Church in Federal street. Services to commence at 7 o'clock. There will be a report and addresses. The singing will be by a selected choir of children.

Clergymen, Parents, Sunday School Teachers, and all interested, are invited to attend.

STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS, Pres't.
CHARLES BROOKS, Cor. Sec. tam my8

☞ The Cambridge Ministerial Association will meet in Cambridge, on Tuesday, 11th inst., at the house of Rev. D. Austin. WM. NEWELL, Scribe. my8

NOTICE. The Middlesex Sunday School Society will hold its next Semi-annual Meeting, at the Rev Mr Thurston's Church in Billerica, on Wednesday, the 19th of May. The Meeting will be opened at nine o'clock, A. M. The exercises of the day will consist of a Report from the Committee on Manuals, a Sermon, and Discussions. Teachers, and friends of Sunday Schools generally, are invited to attend.

my8 JASON WHITMAN, Sec'y.

☞ THE MAINE WESTERN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at Augusta, on Tuesday, May 11th, at the house of Rev Mr Judd, at 10 o'clock, A. M. I. T. G. NICHOLS,
my8 Sec. M. W. M. A.

☞ NOTICE TO AUXILIARY ASSOCIATIONS. Auxiliary Associations are requested to make their annual payments to the Treasurer of the Parent Association, HENRY P. FAIRBANKS, Esq., No. 56 Pearl street, on or before the 20th of May.

CHARLES BRIGGS, Gen. Sec. A. U. A.
my1

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 3d inst, by Rev Mr Barrett, Wm Blanchard to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Benj Seaver, Esq, all of Boston.

29th ult, by Rev Mr Lothrop, Mr Charles D. Cummings to Miss Martha A. Drew.

4th inst, by the Rev Dr Gannett, Hervey B. Wilbur, M. D., of Barre, to Miss Harriet Holden, of this city.

29th ult, Mr Wm H. Childs to Miss Emeline Blodgett, both of Boston.

In North Chelsea, 29th ult, by Rev Norwood Damon, Mr John S. Nichols, of Malden, to Miss Elizabeth Perkins, of N. C.

In Cambridgeport, by Rev Mr Whittemore, Mr Edmund G. Lucas, of Boston, to Miss Lydia Ann, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Cambridge, by Rev Mr Newell, Mr Daniel U. Chamberlin to Miss Ann Maria Stimson, both of C.

In Milton, 29th ult, by Rev Mr Morison, Mr Edmund Endicott, of New York, to Miss Abigail A. Sumner, of M.

In Quincy, 28th ult, Mr John Q. Hobart to Miss Sarah D. Abbott, both of Milton.

In Abington, Mr Erastus M. Nash to Miss Almira A. Cushing.

In Marlboro', Mr Geo J. Este, of Saxonville, to Miss Eliza Jane Collins, of Southboro'.

In Providence, by Rev E. B. Hall, Mr Clark Steere to Mrs Emily B. Thurber.

In Keene, NH, by Rev A. A. Livermore, Mr Wm F. Barnes to Miss Christiana Burt, both of Swanzey.

DEATHS.

In this city, 28th ult, Luther Bixby, Esq, aged 75 yrs.

2d inst, Miss Elizabeth Haywood, formerly of Braintree, 68.

Miss Nancy Haggens, formerly of South Berwick, Me, 79.

Mrs Anna Richardson, wife of Robert H. Clouston, and youngest daughter of Wm Barry, Esq, 30.

27th inst, Francis R. Roberts, Jr, only son of Mr F. R. Roberts, 3 yrs 3 mos.

In Roxbury, 24th ult, Mrs Lucy Howard, formerly of Hingham, 55.

In Charlestown, 3d inst, Mr Newhall Martin, 79.

In Cambridge, 2d inst, Mrs Hepzibah Barbour, aged 75.

In East Lexington, Capt Billings Smith, 50.

In North Andover, Miss Hannah Ingalls, 82.

In Montague, 22d ult, Mr Silas Shaw, 81.

In Portsmouth, Mrs Izette Shaw, widow of Abraham Shaw, Esq, 69.

In Edgartown, Hon Timothy Daggett, in the 79th year of his age.

In New Bedford, 2d inst, Mary, daughter of Samuel Rodman, in her 24th year.

In New York, 29th ult, John Revere, MD, Professor in the Medical School of the University of New York, and a graduate at Harvard University in the Class of 1807, aged 60.

At Beaver, Pa, 14th ult, while on his way home from Mobile, where he had passed the winter, Rev Chester W. Carpenter, Pastor of the Congregational Church in Sinclearville, NY, and formerly of Sturbridge, Mass, in his 35th year. He graduated at Amherst College in the class of 1839.

In Washington city, 29th ult, Mr Wm Wood, 58, a native of Newburyport.

In Savannah, Miss Sarah Bancroft, formerly of Salem, 61.

At his residence, in Jefferson county, Florida, Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Archille Murat, son of Joachim and Caroline Bonaparte Murat, King and Queen of Naples, 46 yrs 2 mos 25 days.

At Khoi, Persia, lately, Prince Mourad Ali, the 85th son of Feth Ali, Schah of Persia, who had 104 children, of whom 39 are still living. On the decease of his father, in 1831, and the accession of Abbas Mirza, the eldest son to the throne, Mourad Ali left the Court of Persia and retired into one of the provinces, where he lived in a comparatively humble style. He was a man of a cultivated understanding, and employed himself chiefly in astronomy. A few years ago a treatise on the prognostics of the weather, written by him, was published at Tauris.

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REMOVAL
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OLIVER HUDSON & CO.,

WOULD inform their customers and the public, that they have converted a four story Granite Dwelling House, together with the Shop underneath, wholly into a Store, and increased the dimensions by building in the rear. They have now one of the most spacious and best arranged

Clothing Stores

in the city. La ligs and others who have been often incommoded by the immense crowd frequently collected in their heretofore limited accommodations, will now find ample room. And to make the establishment the more complete, they have, adjoining the Sales Room, on the second floor, a spacious and convenient Dressing Room, properly furnished for the purpose; an appendage which must be acceptable to ladies who frequent this store for the purpose of fitting small children.

THE SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS

are now established, and they have by far the largest and best assorted stock which they have ever had to offer, including some beautiful specimens of

CHILDRENS' SUITS,

recently manufactured to order in New York.

The arrangement of the wholesale department is very complete, and dealers will find the assortment of

BOYS' CLOTHING

much larger than any other in the city; and what is an important consideration, the sizes are well assorted and the garments well shaped.

SHIRTS.

The manufacture and sale of the above article will be continued as usual, and dealers and others will always be sure of finding a large and general assortment.

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THE SUBSCRIBER, Senior Partner in the late firm of HARRIS, STANWOOD & Co., having purchased their

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JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the Boston Philanthropic Bookstore, No. 49 Cornhill, up stairs, where may be found a general assortment of works upon Reformatory and Humane Subjects, at the lowest prices,

A SERMON OF DANGEROUS PERSONS,

by Theodore Parker, being an exposition of the right method of treating criminals. Price $8 25 a hundred, $1 12½ per doz., 12½ cents single—mailable any distance.

Also, at the same place,

VOICES FROM PRISON,

a selection of Poetry from various prisoners, written within the cell. For sale by the hundred, dozen or single, and can be sent to any part of the United States, by mail—price 25 cents single.

my8 is3m C. & J. M. SPEAR.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES. S. G. SIMPKINS has on hand a large collection of Juvenile Books, suitable for Sunday School Libraries, among which are the following:

American Moral Tales. Alice Bradford or Experimental Religion, An Only Son, Austin's Voice to Youth, Boys' Week-day Book, Bible Illustrations, Boys' First Book, Boys' Second Book, Biography of Buckminster, Thatcher, and Abbott, Bible History, Bible Stories, Boy of Spirit, Book for Boys, Beecher's Lectures to Young Men, Illustrated Natural History, Beatitudes and Pleasant Sundays, Beauties of English History, Biography of Self-Taught Men, Book for Girls, Bible Stories, Casket of Gems, Child's Favorite, Collin Reynolds, Conversations on Common Things, Christmas Eve, Cranmer and his Times, Confessions of an Early Martyr, Cardinal Flower, Cousins' Journey, Caleb in the Country and in Town, Departed Sister, Elinor Fulton, Energy, Ellen, or Forget and Forgive, Famous Old People, Facts to Correct Fancies, Frederick Lee, Five Years of Youth, Fact and Fiction, Family Story Book, 2 vols, Formation of the Christian Character, Florence Arnot, Greenwood's Lives of the Apostles, Gleig's History of the Bible, Girls' Week-day Book, Greenwood's Sermons, Girlhood and Womanhood, Gleams of Truth, Guide to Wisdom and Virtue, Holiday Tales, Hieroglyphical Bible, Home, How to be a Man, History of the American Revolution, How to be Happy, How to be a Lady, Hope on Hope Ever, It is a Small Thing, or Individual Reform, I will be a Gentleman, I will be a Lady, Illustrations of Lying, Integrity, Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, Jane Campbell, Juvenile Sketch Book, Jessie Graham, Lucy and Arthur, Little Clara, Lessons without Books, Life of Howard, Little Henry the Stolen Child, Louisa and her Cousins, Lectures to Young Men, Lost Lamb, Travels of Mungo Park, Life of the Savior, Life of Washington, Little Henri, Liberty Tree, Life of Benjamin West, Little Coin Much Care, Love Token, Lost Wheelbarrow and other Stories, Memoirs of Oberlin, Moral Tales, Mother's Lesson, Moderation, Memoirs of Robert Swain, My Early Days, Mignionette, Means and Ends, New Stories for Little Boys, Mary Wilson, Onward—Right Onward, Orphan Boys' Trials, Parley's Bible Stories, Parent's Assistant, Pictures of Early Life, Parley's Travels, Providence Illustrated, Persevere and you must Succeed, Palestine or the Holy Land, Rumble's Stories about Greece, Rupert Cabell, Rural Scenes, Rose and her Lamb, Rasselas, Rich Enough, Riches without Wings, Reflection, Swiss Family Robinson, Sabbath Day Book, Stories about Instinct, Short Stories for Long Nights, Scenery Shower, Sequel to Popular Lessons, Sunday School Present, Self-Conquest, Stories to Teach Me to Think, Stories for Sunday Afternoons, Sunshine and Shade, Shawmut of Boston, Teacher's Present, Teacher's New Year's Present, The May Flower, Turns of Fortune, Young Patriot, Old Philip's Stories, The Pastor's Stories, Tamed and Untamed, Teacher's Gift, The Skeptic Temperance Tales, 6 vols, The World Before You, or Log Cabin, Vacation, Winter Scenes, When are We Happiest, Week Day Religion, Wonders of the Earth, Which is the Wiser, Willie Rogers, Young Cadet, The Rollo Books, in 14 vols, The Lucy Books, in 6 vols, and Jonas's Story Books, in 4 vols, by Abbott. Also, Sunday School Manuals and Class Books. Other new works suitable for Sunday School Libraries, continually received, all of which will be sold on the most favorable terms, at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationery Store, No. 94 Washington street. my8

NEW PAMPHLETS. The Brookline Jubilee, a Discourse by John Pierce, LL.D., on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

The Account Rendered, a Sermon by Rev J. H. Allen, on leaving his Parish.

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BRE

POETRY.

WHAT SHALL BE THE END OF THESE THINGS?

When another life is added
To the heaving turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that ne'er can die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome
Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
And the sire's self-gratulation
Prophecies of future years—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
Trembles the faint dawn of mind;
When the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the incoherent murmurs
Syllable each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection
With a groundless promise fraught,
Finding great hopes for to-morrow,
From that dull uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshown the perfect day—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Parts aside the arm maternal
That unlocks him ere he roam;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gales,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind its sunny sails;
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that eastern soil—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes;
When the heart upon the surface
Shines, too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures,
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden ground;
He may palter—so do many;
She may suffer—so must all;
Both may yet, world disappointed,
This lost hour of love recal—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair;
When the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubt of after-change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit
Bound his servitor for ay;
When beneath love's silvery moon-beams
Many rocks in shadow sleep,
Undiscovered till possession
Shows the dangers of the deep—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning
That is wrought by human skill,
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will:
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love, or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters,
Wide horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's sad, often desperate, game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nine Years Since.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track.
Oh life was beautiful in those lost hours.

Mrs. Francis Kermit was loitering over her breakfast table—her young people dropping in one after another to take their morning meal—(my friend Mrs. Kermit's *menage* leans to rather too wide an indulgence;) last came Morgan Kermit, who was at home during a vacation in the Cambridge law-school, and his friend Charles Boyne, then his guest.

The young people were in the midst of a discussion of the opera which had enchanted them on the preceding evening, when the bell rang, and the servant announced "Miss Adelaide Rutherford."

"Ask her to come down into the breakfast room, John," said Mrs. Kermit.

"Oh, mamma, don't," uttered two young remonstrants of fifteen and seventeen. "Mamma," whose instinct it is to give a guest her best welcome, motioned to the servant to obey her order, and said, "The fire is not yet made in the drawing-room, Lizzie, and I really do not see why you should not all be pleased to see Miss Adelaide here."

"Miss Adelaide! the very sound is enough," said one of the girls, and in reply to Charles Boyne's inquiry, "Is Miss Adelaide an ogress?" Ruth replied, shrugging her shoulders, "No, but an old maid, which is next door to it, you know."

"Pardon me," replied Charles Boyne, with something like a shade of disapprobation passing over his charming countenance; "I know no such thing; my dearest friend belongs to the category of old maids, so called, and for her sake, I rather dislike to hear that term of contempt used."

The young ladies were, in sailor phrase, rather "taken aback" by this sentiment from their favorite cavalier, and it evidently placed Miss Rutherford in a new light, for when she entered, Caroline thought she had a high bred air which she had never before observed; Lizzie was struck with the remarkable sweetness of her voice, and my young favorite Ruth Kermit—a noble creature is Ruth, but with the presumption and confidence too apt to mark our girls of fifteen—even Ruth, to whom it had not before occurred that beauty could outlive two or three and twenty, thought Miss Rutherford must have been handsome.

Miss Rutherford had come on some errand quickly done, and with a painful consciousness that the young people were constrained by her presence, she soon took her leave. Morgan Kermit, with a characteristic politeness, which gives me the agreeable assurance that the heart of courtesy has not passed away with the generation that is gone, attended Miss Adelaide to the door, and re-entered, saying, "Is this the lady, Ruth, that you say is next door to an ogress? I should like to see the young lady who promises to be as lovely at thirty as Miss Rutherford."

"Thirty!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Not more than thirty, I imagine," said Morgan; "is she, mother?"

"Yes, thirty three or four—let me see—yes, thirty three. She was just twenty four nine years ago."

"Thirty three! pretty old, mother."

"That depends upon the point of sight, Caroline. To me, at forty five, thirty three appears quite young."

"Oh, yes, mother," exclaimed Ruth; "forty five is young enough for you—I never think of your being old—but it is quite a different thing for an unmarried person. Now there is your old schoolmate—I suppose Miss Eleanor is not older than you are, but she seems to me as old as the hills. I call a woman of four or five and twenty, that is not married, an old maid."

"How old are you, Caroline?"

"Twenty two, mother."

"Then in two years, my dear, you may sit yourself down in that limbo of desolation that old maids inhabit, according to your sister Ruth."

All eyes turned to Caroline's brilliant face—to her lips still bright with the freshest dew of youth—and all laughed at the ridiculous picture suggested.

"I am glad to see even a soupcon of a blush on your cheek, Ruth," said her brother. "There is a saying that hawks won't pick out hawks' een. I do not think women verify it. They use that term of reproach, 'old maids,' for so it is in their estimation, very freely; one would think it were more natural to hedge about the unfortunate of their own sex (if it be a misfortune) with reverence."

"Well, Morgan!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Well, Ruth, what surprises you?"

"Why, Morgan, you talk like an old man that has half a dozen old maid daughters."

"On the contrary, I mean to talk like a young man who has half a dozen young maid sisters, perchance, may be"——

"Not old maid sisters—no, no, Morgan."

"No, indeed, never!" seconded Ruth; and she whispered something to Caroline, hinting that her elder sister, at least, was sure of escaping that destiny.

"Supposing," continued Morgan—

"No, Morgan," said Ruth, "don't make any such supposition."

"Hear me out, Ruth; I have great hopes, if my mother comes to my aid—my mother and you Charles—that I shall root this vulgarity out of my family."

"Oh, Mr. Boyne, is not Morgan too bad?"

"In his mode of expression, yes, Miss Ruth, but I agree with him in sentiment."

"And I have great hopes that you will be converted, now," said Mrs. Kermit, "that these two gallant champions have come forth in the cause of your elder sisters'"—

"Oh, mamma, how can you call them our sisters—all the Miss Pattys, and Miss Judys, the Beckey do-goods and Beckey do-nothings in the world—but go on, Morgan; mount your Rosinante, Mr. Boyne, and do better for—what did Mr. Boyne call them? Oh, the category!"

"I shall do no battle, Ruth," replied her brother, "but marshal my forces after a good precedent, and set them in the front rank, while I, their humble auxiliar, stand behind them, sure you will not strike me through them. To begin then, there is Miss Sara Alston, sailing somewhere on what you would call the dead sea, between thirty and forty."

"Mercy! cousin Sara! I don't call her an old maid."

"No," interrupted Mrs. Kermit; "but any impertinent young woman of fifteen, who had not the happiness to be Miss Alston's cousin, would infallibly call her so. Go on, my son."

"Miss Sara," resumed Morgan, (a *very* old maidish sound, Ruth!) cousin Sara I must call her, for thus she stands from the days of our childhood printed on my heart. Who is more beloved than our cousin Sara! The light of her own household whence so many lights have been removed—like an oriental lamp, diffusing sweet odors as well as light. Is cousin Sara a gossip? She is profoundly ignorant of all her neighbors' doings, except their good deeds. Is she exacting? She claims nothing but the privilege of doing self-sacrificing kindnesses, and rejecting all praise or notice for them. She makes no pretensions to accomplishments, but if one needs an accurate and beautiful drawing, she produces it. She does not verge on blue-stockingism—but if an elegant and accurate translation is wanted by a friend to be incorporated in his article, cousin Sara does the work, and when it is printed, not even a dim smile betrays her right to the praise. As to the sweet charities of life, there is not an humble person within her reach that does not feel happier and safer for being near her. She works, like all the gentler heavenly influences, without noise. See what a bed of roses, and sweets of all kinds she has made of the old garden. Cousin Sara might not produce an effect in a town drawing-room; though to me, the health lighting her clear eye and blooming on her cheek, and the quiet elegance of her dress and manner, are far more attractive than the glare of your so-called belles, Lizzie."

"Come, Morgan," said Ruth, "you have said quite enough about cousin Sara, though I do love her dearly, and never even thought of her being an old maid; but then she lives in the country, you know, where it does not signify what you are; I don't think I should like to be cousin Sara in a party."

"Perhaps not—for a party, you would prefer the gas-lights and suffocating heat to the pure outward air of a star-lit evening."

Charles Boyne, either thinking Ruth was "cornered," or from an impulse of chivalry, came to her aid. "Morgan has made out one fair case, Miss Ruth," he said; "but we all know that 'one swallow don't make a summer.'"

"Please, Mr. Charles Boyne," resumed Morgan, "repeat what you said to me last evening of Miss Seaman, another old maid—verbatim, Charles." Charles smiled, but remained silent. "Allow me then, young ladies, to quote my friend; he had been talking for half an hour with Miss Seaman, when I told him I would introduce him to the beautiful Miss Rolson for the next polka. He declined, and I afterward asked him how he could lose such a chance; he replied that he could dance the polka with beautiful young ladies any evening, but it was a rare chance to hear so charming a talker as Miss Seaman. So you see, my sweet sisters, that young beauties don't always carry the day against old maids. Even you, Ruth, will allow that poor Miss Seaman must be called an old maid."

"Oh, but, Morgan, when one gets as old as Miss Seaman one does not think whether she is miss or mistress."

"Besides, Morgan," interrupted Caroline, "I should like to know where there is another miss or mistress like Miss Seaman? She has been everywhere, she knows everybody. If you are inclined to sadness, she is as consoling as the old prophets; and if you would be merry, she has a million merry stories to feed your humor; if you are dull, she can entertain you with the essence of the best French novel, or tell you anecdotes of the French courts. She knows Madame de Sevigne and Horace Walpole by heart, and can repeat half the old English poetry. One must live a long life-time to have such stories. It is not fair to put such a woman as Miss Seaman against us."

"It is not, Caroline," said her mother; "but I think you would have found her quite too powerful a rival at any other period of her life. She began with gifts, with a command of language, not a pomp of words, but always the best word rightly fitted in; fluency without loquacity, and grace without mannerism, and above all, with that almost divine instinct called tact, which taught her how and when to use her several gifts. I remember when we were young, some of us were beauties, some fortunes, &c. Anna Seaman, without fortune or beauty, almost the plainest woman among us, attracted all the charming, clever young men."

"But had she lovers, mamma?" inquired Miss Ruth, who evidently thought life was not life without them.

"Lovers were not quite in her line, Miss Ruth; but if you mean opportunities of being married, she was not a person to proclaim them in the market-place; but I doubt not she had them, for as you all know, Anna Seaman has a thousand loveable qualities."

"Oh, yes, mamma, qualities that are charming in an old lady—but—"

"But love, I suppose, is quite independent of generosity, magnanimity, prompt kindness, social cheerfulness and the rarest domestic efficiency—qualities that bind you all to Anna Seaman more than her genius."

"Well, mamma, we give up Miss Anna; but it takes even more than *two* swallows to make a Summer.'"

"Yes, my dear," retorted Morgan; "and so we will have a flock of them, Miss Wilson!"

"Oh, Miss Wilson!" said Caroline; "that is not fair; she has a home of her own, and no one thinks of her being an old maid."

"But she is nevertheless forty years old, and single. No lord to their household, no children, those birds of paradise, to embellish it."

"No lord to her household!" exclaimed Lizzie. "To be sure she has no husband to lord it over her; but there is no house you young men like so well as Miss Wilson's—"

"And—therefore, you young ladies like it!"

"For shame, Morgan—no, we like to go and see Miss Wilson for her own sake, she is so kind and agreeable, and as to the children, I am sure her sisters' hundred children love her quite as well as they do their mothers."

"Then I may count Miss Wilson as a third swallow, may I not?"

"Yes."

"And her sister Esther, still very pretty and attractive, and with wit as keen and as polished as that of Beatrice?"

"Yes, yes, you may count Esther Wilson, though I think she is a little—acid, now and then."

"Acid! Esther Wilson acid! I deny it; but if she were, are not those married dames, Mrs. Jones and Mrs Ledson, vinegar and lemon-juice?"

"You must not forget," said Charles Boyne, "our friend Emma Smith, a sort of Atlas in her family, holding its whole world on her head."

"Oh, no," replied Morgan, "I do not forget her; but I confine myself to my sisters' own circle of friends—I am talking for their conversion. There are Susan Goddard and Emely Wheaton—a rest to the weary and sick—a balm of life, coming into the sick chamber like the light, pleasant to behold. And Mary Lewis, picking up the stitches that everybody else has dropped—doing neglected, omitted or forgotten duties for all her married friends."

"Your *flock* is large enough to migrate, Morgan," said Caroline; "you may stop there—you have not been to the law-school in vain. You have made out a fair case with your modern instances. Even Ruth a few years hence, may look forward to the possibility of being one on the list of *your* old maids, without dismay."

"Provided I am not called one."

"It is the vulgar name," said Mrs. Kermit, "with its old associations, Ruth, that your brother is contending against. There are women. I allow, who, partly owing to beginning with your ideas of an old maid, and remaining single, make the character true to its ideal. They are selfishly neat, prudish, sordid, mean, and of course repulsive; but I have seen such married women—or they are gossiping, garrulous, flippant and ridiculous."

"I think you might name some of your married friends that are all that, too, mother," said Morgan.

"Certainly I could; but some of their qualities or all of them have been given by the male satirists to the ideal old maid. She has been set up in novels, comedies and farces, as a sort of target in which to fix the arrows of ridicule. Married women have joined in this cruel sport, and the world have been amused by it. So that a woman who courageously remains single rather than marry a man she does not love has not only to endure all the trials inseparable from the condition, but she must bear from her own sex, reproach and contumely. She may have been once disappointed and never trusted again. She may have nobly sacrificed the happiest destiny of woman to opposing circumstances; she may, when life was at its fairest, when promise was so near to fulfilment that no thought of failure could intervene, have lost all, and a little after, perhaps not more than *nine years*, a new generation has sprung up, and some flippant girl will say of her, she is an old maid, next door to an ogress, you know!"

"Oh, dear, mamma! that is not fair," said Ruth; "I spoke quite thoughtlessly."

"And it is to prevent your speaking thoughtlessly in future, Ruth," said her brother, "that my mother and I are crusading."

"And I am sure," resumed Ruth, "I knew nothing of Miss Rutherford's history. I did not know she had one. I never saw her till last week."

"If you had then thought an 'old maid' worth considering, Ruth," said her mother, "you might have inferred a history from Miss Rutherford's sunken, melancholy eye, that for years wept, and did nothing but weep—from that marble paleness that has scarcely varied for the last nine years."

"*Nine years*, mamma! There is something awful in that sound. Do tell us Miss Rutherford's story."

"Not now. If you can be curious to hear the story of an 'old maid,' I will tell it this evening; now the family machine must be wound up; John is waiting for orders for market; there are notes to be answered, accounts to be settled, &c., &c."

Late in the evening, when all the family were gathered in, Ruth sat down on a footstool beside her mother, and said, "Mamma, my sisters and I have made up our minds either never to say 'old maid' again, or to pronounce the words with delicate reverence; and farther, I am not sure but we shall devote ourselves to the excellent calling—except Caroline. Now are we worthy to hear Miss Rutherford's story!"

"Scarcely, you saucy child; but as Mr. Boyne and Morgan are, I shall tell it. It will not keep you long."

"Adelaide Ruthford was born on her father's plantation, Bellefield, in South Carolina. Her mother was a Scotch woman and a beauty who, when not more than seventeen, was sent to Charleston as a governess. Mr. Rutherford fell in love with her, and overlooking her want of fortune and a vocation rather looked down upon, he married her. I believe he never forgave himself this imprudence, for fortune, and what he proudly called family, were his *sine qua non* in marriage of his children. He had one daughter then; after an interval of several years, Adelaide was born and two younger brothers. Adelaide was the pet and plaything of her sister. This sister married when Adelaide was four years old, and removed to Georgia, where, left alone on a plantation by the rich husband her father had selected for her, she wore through a few miserable years and died. Adelaide was educated by her mother, and accomplished and thoroughly instructed as few women are. She appeared at eighteen in Charleston, the star of the Winter. That she had so little apparent pleasure in the admiration she excited, that she refused half a dozen offers, and one very brilliant one, was the wonder of her acquaintance, and the cause of serious and trying displeasure from her father, who was continually reproaching her with being spoiled by her mother's 'notions,' which he stigmatized with words not repeatable.

"Why Adelaide was made happy by her return to Bellefield, why she, a girl of eighteen, was indifferent to admiration and deaf to lovers' vows, was a riddle soon solved by her mother, by certain infallible signs that are revelations to a woman's eye. At Bellefield, she again joined her brothers in their studies—she rode with them, walked with them, went with them on their sailing parties, and with a feminine delicacy of habit nurtured by southern education, had no dread or perception of discomfort or peril of any sort."

"I guess there was somebody of the company beside the rampaging brothers," suggested Ruth.

"Yes, Ruth, there was a tutor of the brothers, a graduate of Harvard and of the law-school, a Mr. Francis Izbel, who had overworked himself in his preparation for life, and was sent to the South by his physician to repair the waste by a year or two's residence there. Like most of our young men, he had his living to get, and he thought himself fortunate in obtaining a place in Mr. Rutherford's family as tutor to his boys, and a sufficient salary. I have seen him but once. He dined with us on his way to the South. He was a man, even once seen not to be forgotten; highly cultivated, with charming manners, erect, well-formed, and no alarming indication of ill health."

"Oh, mamma," said Caroline, "I am sure I remember him; was there not a German gentleman dining with us the same day, who could not speak a word of English, and did not Mr. Izbel interpret for him?"

"Yes; but it is strange you remember it; it must have been sixteen years ago."

"I was six years old. I do remember it. I remember his cutting out some funny little figures in orange-peel for me."

"Quite characteristic, I should think, for it seems he had the art of winning all hearts—excepting poor Adelaide's father's. The young people, continually thrown together, soon came to a mutual understanding, and were perfectly happy, till Adelaide, who at once made her mother her confidant, was alarmed by her mother's firm conviction that her father's consent could never be obtained. 'But why,' urged Adelaide; 'It is true that Frank Izbel is not rich, neither am I—but he has a profession, and talents, and industry, and hope, and now he has health, and his family are people in good condition; what can my father ask more, when he knows that I love Frank and can love none other!'

"'Frank is a teacher.'

"'But so were you mamma.'

"'Your father forgot that for a few short months.' Mrs. Rutherford blushed painfully as she added, 'he has remembered it ever since.'

"'Oh, but, mamma, that's an old-fashioned prejudice; kings have been teachers in these days—Louis Phillippe for instance—papa will get over that, I am sure. Can he have any other objection?'

"'Frank is a northern man.'

"'Papa will forgive him that, I am sure he will.'

"'I am sure he will not, my dear child; but we must try our best by patience and prudence to compass our end; in all events, my child, you have my entire sympathy; you may hope for God's blessing on an affection so well founded—matrimony on any other ground is but a blight and misery.' Her mother said this with an emphasis that pierced Adelaide's heart.

"But I must not dwell on particulars—I know the story almost as if I had lived among them, from reading a journal kept jointly by the mother and daughter.

"Mr. Rutherford, as his wife foresaw, put his veto on the engagement, and Francis Izbel withdrew from the family, but not till he and Adelaide had exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. High principled, truth itself, she communicated to her father her solemn engagement to her lover, and when his wrath had subsided, she told him she should remain in patient submission to his authority till she was twenty-one, and then she should consider herself equally bound to another duty. Three years passed—she was twenty-one and free. But circumstances had changed. Mr. Rutherford long before this had so involved his fortune by extravagance and gambling, that his estate and slaves were first mortgaged and then sold, and at the expiration of the three years, he was pennyless, crippled by gout and paralysis, and he and his sons were dependent on the income of a school established by his accomplished wife and daughter in Charleston. Poor old Mr. Rutherford! he had just sense and conscience enough left to abjure his old ideas of the vocation of a teacher.

Three years more passed; Adelaide would not leave her mother to struggle alone. Francis Izbel who was making rapid headway in his profession, waited with what patience he could; at the end of this three years he would wait no longer, and it was settled that as Adelaide's brothers were entering on the business of life, the family should be transferred to the North, and Adelaide's parents should be members of her household.

"This was a period of strangely accumulating events in the Rutherford family. The father died suddenly, and his widow, by the death of a relative in Scotland, became heiress to a considerable property.

"Frank Izbel had gone to Charleston to superintend the removal. The marriage was to have taken place there, but it was delayed till their arrival in New York, in consequence of her father's death. Some delay was occasioned by Adelaide's resolve to redeem, bring to the North, and, of course, set free, a slave who had been mortgaged and sold with her father's property. With this servant, one of her brothers, her mother and her lover, she embarked about the middle of June, in '38, on board the Pulaski."

"The Pulaski! mother!" exclaimed Caroline. The rest of her auditors had no association with the Pulaski, and Mrs Kermit proceeded. "Never was Adelaide, at any period of her life, more attractive or so worthy of all admiration and love as now. Time had but matured the beauty of her dawn. The widened horizon of her knowledge was reflected in the expressive intelligence of her countenance. The angels of Hope and Memory shed their light there. Years of sweet patience, of cheerful resolution and self-sacrifice tell their beautiful history on the face. Adelaide's last record in her journal before embarking was, 'I am too happy; the past, the present and the future are full of happiness to me!'

"I think it was the second night of the Pulaski's voyage, when, owing to gross mismanagement, the boiler burst. The ladies had retired to their berths; Frank Izbel and Adelaide's brother were sitting on the deck, and were uninjured. Izbel immediately rushed to the ladies' cabin. Adelaide and her mother occupied one state-room. He bade them come with him, and without speaking they followed him to the bow of the boat, where he believed they should have the best chance of escape—at least, they should be together there and share the same fate. There he had told Adelaide's brother to await him, but what he did or how he was lost, no one knew—nothing was known of him after Izbel parted from him. He was Adelaide's youngest brother and dearly beloved by her. As soon as they reached the bow of the boat, Adelaide exclaimed, 'Oh, my God! I have forgotten Lilly!' Lilly was the woman who had been her slave and the nurse of her childhood. She was now a freed-woman and devoted servant. She had sat by Adelaide, who had complained of pain in her head that evening, and bathed her temples till she had herself fallen asleep.

"'I will return for her—she shall share with us,' said Izbel, and before Adelaide could speak he disappeared.

"One minute after the boat broke up, the bow and stern were separated, and when Adelaide next saw Izbel, he stood with more than fifty others, nearly all women and children, on that part of the stern still floating. It was a moonlit night, and she clearly distinguished him from the others; Lilly was kneeling beside him with her arms stretched out and her hands clasped. He stood immovable, with his face turned toward the bow of the boat. It was a scene not to be described and never to be forgotten. Husbands were on one portion of the wreck, wives on another; fathers parted from their children, brothers from their sisters—all facing death. This was endured for one whole hour—an hour—it seemed an eternity; then the stern sank amidst shrieks, and groans and prayers; some were kneeling; children were clinging to their mother; sisters clasped together—and so they vanished forever from sight.

"Adelaide and her mother were left with those on the bow; poor Adelaide was nearly unconscious of all that passed for the next three days. I think there were some twenty with them. They lightened the wreck by throwing overboard everything they could part with; erected what I think is called a jury mast and hoisted a sail. A rain storm came on, and a strong easterly wind, and for three days they were blown along the coast—they were then picked up by a schooner and carried into Wilmington, North Carolina, nearly famished and quite exhausted.

"Adelaide has since told me that her mental agony made her unconscious of physical suffering. She remained for weeks and months in a state approaching mental alienation. She was roused from this by a severe illness of her mother. Poor Mrs. Rutherford, either from having less vigor than Adelaide, or less heart-agony, had suffered more in her health, and her anxiety for Adelaide had worn out the little strength she had left. Adelaide's filial piety again called forth her energies, and for the last nine years she has watched and tended her invalid mother, and devoted herself soul and body to works of Christian love. The paleness stricken on her cheek on that awful night has never varied, nor has her eye ever been relit with its former animation—but there are deep in her heart faith and resignation, and she lives patiently the life—of an old maid!"

"Of a saint, mother," said Caroline.

"Indeed, a saint!" exclaimed my young friend Ruth, her fine eyes swimming in tears, "and the next time I see her, I shall down on my knees and say 'Sweet saint, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered, especially that atrocious one against thee!'" [Columbian Mag.

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